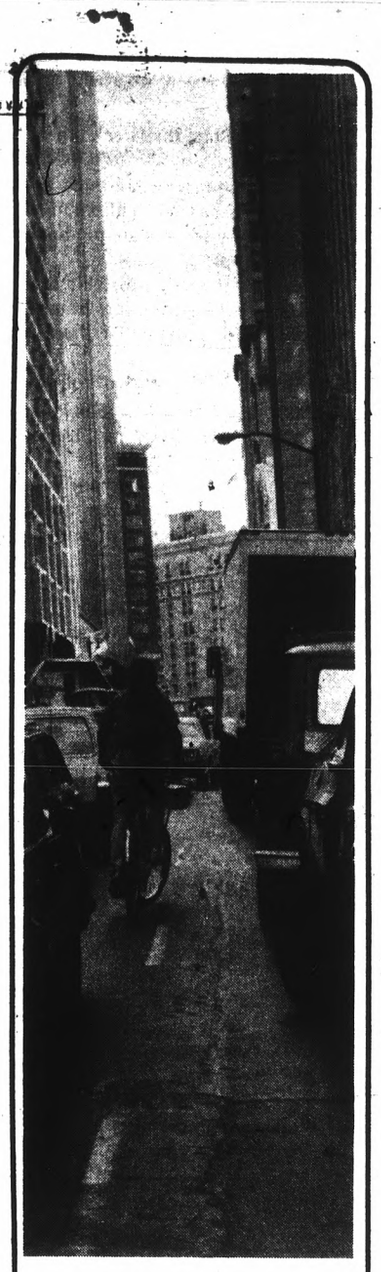


Computer cards scrapped

by Rick Aschieris

The troublesome transaction card – a registration hassle causing mounds of paperwork and frustration – is dead.

A committee of SF State's top administrators, the President's Council, voted last week to eliminate the computer cards from the registration process.

Beginning next semester, students will receive a program in the mail verifying their enrollment.

Dean of Admissions Charles Stone said the transaction cards were "a lot of unnecessary paperwork and inconvenience to the students."

Stone will know the exact amount of money saved by the new system by next week, but said, "We know the new system will save a lot of money and time."

Of those students using Computer Assisted Registration, 75 percent were enrolled this semester in courses they requested, according to Stone.

"That 75 percent shouldn't have to do anything else," he added.

According to admissions statistics, 56 percent of students who participate in CAR receive programs as requested. Another 20 percent are assigned the requested class, but not the requested time.

During the first two weeks of this semester, more than 90,000 cards circulated around SF State. These cards came from the 25,255 students who paid fees this fall, according to admissions statistics. Since each student receives at least eight cards in the mail, the total manufactured exceeded 200,000.

One thousand of those enrolled this semester will use the transaction cards to drop out within the first 30 days, according to Stone, an average of more than 33 drop-outs per day.

Computer registration first came to SF State in the spring 1972 semester. In 1973, an attempt failed to change CAR to an enrollment procedure.

Nancy Sprotte, student records and service officer, said the idea was dropped because "the whole concept of computer registration was so new, people couldn't handle all the changes."

● see CARDS, page 2

PHOENIX

Volume 22 Number 5 | Thursday, September 28, 1978 | San Francisco State University

Centerfold

Pumping for profit

AS leaders quarrel over manager's job

by John Provost

In an attempt to create the post of Associated Students (AS) General Manager, AS President Wayne Lukaris has irked members of the Legislature, including Speaker Steve Rafter.

"I think it was a real bad political move," Rafter said. "He likes to do things without consulting the Legislature."

On Aug. 16, the Summer Executive Committee voted to transfer $9,785 in salary and benefits for a new general manager position from the budget line-item for the office manager.

Rafter said that by making this move during the summer Executive Session, Lukaris did not need the approval of the Legislature, which was not meeting at the time. "It's only a five-member committee," said Rafter. "Wayne is a good talker and he only had to convince two members to get a majority."

In another action, Lukaris fired office manager Toni Stadlman Sept. 20, the same day Barry Bloom, chief justice of the judiciary, turned in his resignation.

A week later, Lukaris rescinded the notice of dismissal until a general manager's position could be created to take the office manager's place.

"It's politically motivated," Stadlman said, "The key to the whole thing is that Barry and Wayne are friends and Wayne wants Barry to have the general manager's job."

Representative Peggy Vannucci said many members of the Legislature are angry about the move. "I don't think this is just a move to get Barry in," she said, "but it is strategically advantageous and that's what really angers me."

The AS had a general manager until 1968 when the Auxiliary Accounting Unit was mandated by state law. The general manager formerly handled day to day corporate matters and general accounting. In a memorandum to the Legislature Sept. 5, Speaker Steve Rafter said, "for six years, the AS operated in a competent manner without any G.M. . . . There is no reason to think that it cannot do so in the future."

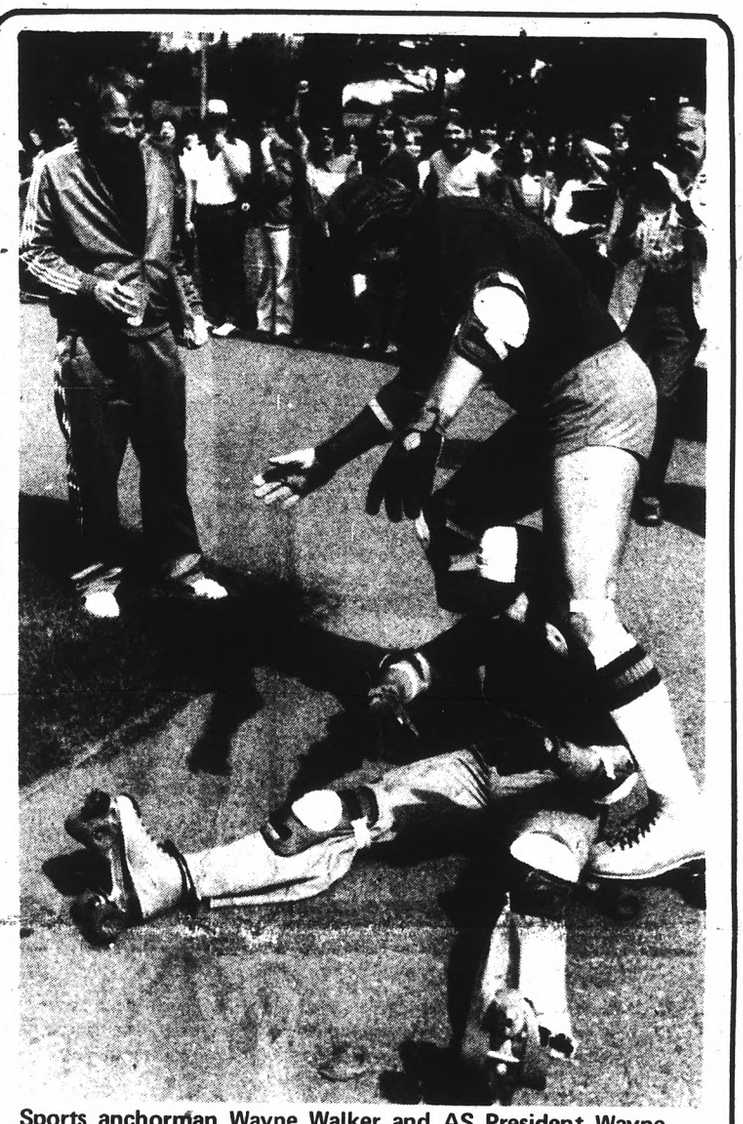
In his letter of resignation, Bloom said he is withdrawing from the university. Enrollment is a prerequisite for holding the post of chief justice. He said he was leaving school because he must get a job.

"I need the bucks," Bloom said. "I'll apply for the general manager's position, just as I'm sending my resume to other corporations and employers."

Lukaris said it was coincidental that he fired Stadlman on the same day that Bloom resigned.

"I knew Barry was thinking of quitting for some time," he said. "But there was an incident on Monday that was the end of a long line of small problems that made it apparent Toni couldn't do the job."

● see QUARREL, page 2



Sports anchorman Wayne Walker and AS President Wayne Lukaris collide in mid-race. Photo by Michael Simon.

A Faire race won by a fall

by E Scoyen

Wayne Lukaris stood a full eight inches below his challenger, but the comparatively lithe student government president wasn't daunted.

He overtook KPIX Sportscaster Wayne Walker in the backstretch of the half-mile course which traversed through the quad in front of the Student Union. And he won. The first annual roller derby debacle Tuesday afternoon went by a nose and a psychological ploy in front of 300 SF State students.

The event was staged to promote the two-day Student Activities Faire which ended yesterday. Balloons, booths and the smell of food dotted the quad as more than 50 programs and clubs showed their stuff. The biggest crowd turned up for the race, which will be aired tonight at 6 and 11 p.m. on Channel 5.

As it was, the hulking 6-foot-2-inch frame of Walker, a former Detroit Lion linebacker, proved his downfall.

"I'll get him on the obstacle course. I can duck my frame and he can't," Lukaris boasted before the race. "I'll get you on those turns because I'm lower to the ground than you," he chided Walker.

Lukaris fared as he predicted, easily rolling under the ribbon stretched across the track with only a slight bend at the waist. But he really clinched the victory by slyly outwitting the more physical

● see RACE, page 2

Trustees set a fee but it still goes up

by T. L. Vau Dell

SF State students will not be able to capitalize on a recent decision which has reduced the price of birth control services on state university campuses. In fact, a loop-hole in the new policy, will probably mean higher family planning costs here.

CSUC trustees unanimously approved a resolution yesterday calling for campus health centers to charge no more than $3 for birth control services.

It was regarded by SF State health officials as a relaxation of the conservative position trustees have traditionally taken regarding birth control clinics on college campuses.

The resolution, however, left open how individual universities could implement the new policy. SF State Health Center Director Dr. Eugene Bossi said he would use the provision to raise family planning fees here.

"I haven't studied the full resolution yet," Bossi said, "But it appears that it gives us pretty wide latitude."

He intrepreted the resolution as meaning the health center can now charge up to $3 for each birth control treatment.

This could result in fees as high as $15 to $18 for examinations, pap smears, lab tests, prescriptions and contraceptive devices. The total cost of those services now is a flat fee of $11.

Bossi said a final decision would be made after health center officials meet on the issue next week. But he hinted that students can expect to pay the maximum $3 permitted under the resolution.

Bossi said the health center had planned to raise the fees to $18-20 anyway.

Last spring, in a related move, trustees set a $3 mandatory charge for all health services, except birth control, at all CSUC campuses.

However, health officials here continued charging only 50 cents for medication and treatment. The low-budget operation prevented the clinic from dispensing more than two-week prescriptions.

The center plans to review its prescription policy, according to Bossi. He said campus physicians may soon be able to dispense expensive drugs that were previously unavailable due to budget restraints. Students would pay up to $3 for the higher-priced medications, said Bossi.

A toga party from the knees down. Photo by Lynn Carey.

Toga! Toga! Now...then

by The Toga Task Force

"To-ga! To-ga! To-ga!" Chants reverberate through the SF State dormitories.

Old-fashioned fraternity toga parties, inspired by the film "Animal House," have captured the wild imaginations of many 14th floor residents of Verducci Hall.

According to several maniacal residents there, who wish to remain anonymous, several toga parties have already been held.

"A toga party is just like any other, except that your bed is stripped of the sheet you spend 20 minutes deciding how to wear," said one source at Verducci.

Added another party-goer, "We could never have a regular Roman orgy. It's hard to find Abyssinian dancing girls or eunuchs, and grapes are just too expensive."

Some students attending the parties reportedly prefer to wear underwear on their heads, rather than sport a traditional Roman Toga.

Others tend to stand around uttering traditional Latin phrases such as "ego tibi medium digitum ostendo" and "veni bibere grave."

Toga party alumni believe there are several key reasons for renewed interest in 1960s-era craziness.

"After five days at this school you need to get drunk," explained one student. "It's like going to see The Rocky Horror Picture Show, it's just another thing to get crazy over."

Added another: "It's also for skin. Women look good in togas."

The rowdy band of would-be Romans on Verducci's 14th floor say toga parties are catching. "When people see that you have a toga on, they run to start theirs and join the party."

"Animal House" behavior has been so intense inside the SF State dorms, however, that it has taken other forms as well. Two weeks ago, for example, some particularly daring residents lowered themselves over

● see TOGA, page 2

The Task Force members are Coleen Crampton, Merrilee Morrow and Paul Steinmetz.

Will faculty join union movement?

by Roger Cruzen

When employees of the 19-campus California State University and Colleges (CSUC) and the nine-campus University of California systems received collective bargaining rights through a law signed by Gov. Jerry Brown on Sept. 13, they were given four options according to Larry Ianni, SF State's acting Provost.

Ianni said faculty members and staff may:

* Choose to be represented exclusively by one employee organization for system-wide collective bargaining;
* Decide to have one bargaining unit for each individual campus;
* Choose to determine some bargaining items on a system-wide basis and some on each individual campus, or,
* Reject collective bargaining by voting not to have bargaining groups.

"The choice is up to the professoriat," Ianni said. "We (the administration) want it to be a free choice. We are available as an information source for the faculty as they go about their deliberation, but we don't want to be accused of exerting any pressure on the faculty to go one way or another."

This is the first in a series of CSUC labor stories appearing this semester in *Phoenix*.

Administration policy is in line with that set forth by CSUC Chancellor Glenn Dumke when the bill was signed, which said the CSUC Board of Trustees "long ago committed ourselves to insure that the principles and practices of fair and equitable bargaining would be followed if the bill were passed and, subsequently, if the faculty and staff were to vote to implement collective bargaining on our campuses."

The CSUC Board of Trustees had opposed the bill "because of our concerns about the effect it can have on relationships between faculty and administration," and because a compromise in the bill allows faculty appointments, evaluations and tenures to be determined by each school's academic senate. CSUC officials opposed a compromise on layoff procedures based on seniority and not merit.

The reason for the policy similarities, according to Ianni, is that in a multi-campus system, policies affecting the entire system gravitates twoard a central bureaucracy – in this case, the Chancellor's office.

"The administration (at SF State) does not perform a managerial role," he said. "The state is in that position. The CSUC administration wants to have a unified position and that position is based on scrupulous attention to the requirements of the legislation and to sound administrative practice."

Ianni is familiar with the collective bargaining process. While an administrator at Indiana University of Pennsylvania in 1971-74, Ianni was a key figure in implementing a collective bargaining program there.

Ianni pointed out that because the collective bargaining bill for higher

● see LABOR, page 8

UMI

the menu

today 9/28

•Poets Allen Ginsberg and Peter Orlovsky bring "cranky music" and "dirty feet and giggles" to the Poetry Center's Fall Reading Series in the Student Union Plaza, at noon. Free.

•Cinematheque presents "The Wild (and crazy?) Bunch" (1960), Sam Peckinpah's classic film about two aging gunfighters (William Holden and Robert Ryan) who realize their way of life is ending. Showing in McKenna theater, at 7:30 p.m. Admission $2 general, $1.25 student.

• The film "Three Women" in the Barbary Coast room today and tomorrow, at 4 and 7:30 p.m. Admission $1.

• Cheap, informative entertainment: The Associated Students has a legislature meeting in the Student Union conference rooms A-C, from 4-6 p.m.

friday 9/29

• Veggie lovers unite! You don't have to be carnivorous to get a balanced diet. The Student Health Center presents a nutrition clinic for vegetarians in the Health Center, at 1:10. Sign up in the center before the first meeting.

• The fencing team pokes around with Sonoma State, here at 4:30 p.m.

• Get extraordinarily cheap San Francisco Symphony tickets at the McKenna box office Sept. 20 through Oct. 20, from 12-4 p.m.

the weekend

• Varsity soccer takes on Sacramento State while the JV squad gives Lincoln University the boot at 2 and 12 p.m., at SF State. Saturday.

monday 10/2

• Tennessee Williams' "Eccentricities of a Nightingale" in the Little Theater, Oct. 3-7, at 8 p.m. Admission $3 and $3.50.

•"Shadow Box" in a bag at the Brown Bag Theater, CA 102, at noon. Free.

tuesday 10/3

•Blitze your media. Learn to be a flack. Learn how to write a Menu at the publicity workshop in the Student Union room B116, at 3 p.m. Free.

•The AS Board of Directors direct their AS in the Student Union room B112-113, from 4-6 p.m.

•Cinematheque presents the original, unedited version of "Beach Party" starring Frankie Avalon and Annette Funicello and the T.A.M.I. show, a filmed concert featuring Chuck Berry, James Brown and the young and restless Rolling Stones. Shown in McKenna Theater, at 7:30 p.m. Admission $2.50 general, $1.75 students.

wednesday 10/4

•Get to know prospective employers before you go in for that dread interview. Find out something about them that they wouldn't like generally known at the researching employers workshop in Lib 433 at 1 p.m. Sign up in the Placement Center.

•The Gay Campus Community will hold meetings at 11 a.m. and noon in the Student Union room B119. New people are welcome.

• Varsity Soccer takes on Stanford on their home turf, at 3 p.m.

•Cinematheque presents Orson Wells in MacBeth (1948) in McKenna theater, at 7:30 p.m. Admission $2 general and $1.25 students.

•San Franciscans opposed to Proposition 6, the anti-gay teacher amendment, are requesting volunteer help in voter registration, door-to-door canvassing and getting the word out on election day. Their address is 2275 Market St. Phone 552-4450.

from page one

• cards

Sprotte said students wishing to change their program next semester will use a "transaction form."

More than 15,000 transaction forms would be scanned in less than a hour, according to Stone. The transaction forms would be filled out much like a scantron, the computer-scored multiple-choice test sheet.

Sprotte said the change will require that "the responsibility (of dropping a class) fall upon the students." Handling the cards will no longer be the responsibility of university faculty, departments and administrators.

The current registration procedure requires a transaction card be given to the instructor. Students who do not turn in cards are dropped from the class list.

Sprotte said she anticipates problems when the new class enrollment program is underway. "There will be some students who won't realize that they must now take action to get out of a class," Sprotte said.

This could result in many students receiving failing grades for classes they had never attended, according to Sprotte.

• quarrel

Several AS officers expressed sympathy for Stadlman's plight. "I'm sad to see Toni go," said one, "he was the one who oriented us when we first took office." Jim Mazzaferro said, "He knows a hell of a lot more than people give him credit for. To just give him two weeks notice is chickenshit."

Peggy Vannucci said Stadlman generally does a good job except when dealing with people. "He can be rude," she said.

Lukaris pointed out that a major part of the office manager's job is to deal in public relations. He said Stadlman had been warned several times to improve himself in that area. "but he didn't."

The real problem, according to Stadlman, is that he doesn't fit in with Lukaris' crowd. "Wayne never knew me before he took office," he said, "and it was other people who convinced him to hire me."

Stadlman has worked for AS in various capacities since 1970. He worked at the polls for five years, was a representative in 1973, and was the Slate Campaign Officer for Lukaris before taking the job of office manager.

Stadlman had planned to appeal his firing to the Board of Directors. But since his job is being eliminated, his only recourse is cut off.

As for the general manager's position, all that remains is for SF State President Paul Romberg to approve the budget change. Rafter, however, is against the move. "I'm going to ask the Board of Directors to take the money for the post away," he said. "The office manager fulfills many of the same duties that the G.M. would."

Lukaris said the general manager will be a "glorified gofer" as the office manager is now. He also admitted that the position is not essential. "This administration has proved it can do without a general manager," he said, "but now our work load is getting to be a strain."

If the matter comes to a vote on the Board of Directors after Oct. 1, an AS official said it will go down by a three to two ratio. But Bloom's resignation doesn't take effect until that date, and the official said his vote will make a tie, giving Lukaris the deciding vote.

• race

Walker.

He fell down.

Part of the course required a burst of speed on the straightaway at the edge of the grass. The object was to stop and make a U-turn for the final leg.

When Lukaris saw that the longer-legged Walker was closing fast, he made a brilliant, three-year slide on his knees and various other parts of his anatomy. This completely unnerved Walker, who later admitted the well-executed defensive play.

"I was laughing so hard at him falling down, I lost my concentration. I cheated, I shoved, I held, I did everything I could, but I still lost," a chagrined Walker noted.

Walker, a cagey veteran, said that he had hoped to win the race using "dirty tricks."

He claimed that he hadn't donned a pair of skates since his younger days in Boise, Idaho. But an unnamed source, who is a friend of the Walker family, disputed that by saying the Walker's skate frequently together.

Walker denied the charge.

Bill Partlow, a track official, and also SF State's Athletic Director, agreed the race was a quality athletic event.

"I surely do think it is," Partlow said. "This is the most competitive event on campus this semester. I just wish we could get this many spectators out to our other athletic events."

the Verducci roof and spray-painted the words "eat me" on the building wall as friends held them by their feet.

Another student has been smashing beer cans into his forehead a la "Animal House" star John Belushi, receiving great injury.

• toga

It wasn't wild parties or deviant behavior that prompted the SF State faculty of 1959 to vote to ban fraternities and sororities from campus. It was the Greek's reputation for racism and elitism.

The faculty vote is not legally binding on the administration, but no national Greek social (as opposed to professional) organization has started a chapter at SF State since.

And the administration is initially considering the 1959 vote obligitory while examining requests made this semester by students wanting to create a local chapter. The students will not comment to *Phoenix*.

National social fraternities and sororities are referred to as "Greeks" because they traditionally use letters from the ancient Greek alphabet to name their organizations.

SF State has always unofficially forbidden Greeks on campus, but in 1958 a committee was formed to formulate official policy regarding the organizations.

"We were told our findings would be followed," said the chairman of the committee, Donald M. Castleberry, who is now dean of the Graduate Division.

"The overriding concern of the committee was to find out whether national fraternities were elitist, discriminatory bodies," Castleberry said.

Composed of students, faculty and administrators, the committee recommended that Greek organizations should not be banned from SF State providing their written charters included no discriminatory language.

"And second," added Castleberry, "that their practice of recruiting members demonstrated this was reality in practice and not just lip-service."

Despite these qualifications, the faculty voted to ban Greek organizations entirely.

"All our work was to no avail," said Castleberry.

At San Jose State the Greek organizations could not pass the tests of the Castleberry committee. Although the Greek's charters ban segregation, most fraternities and sororities are predominantly white or black.

"People feel more comfortable that way," said one San Jose State fraternity official. "Other than that there is no real division."

Stu McFall, vice president of the Inter-Fraternity Council at San Jose State, said fraternities no longer deserve to be labeled elitist.

With the start of the Vietnam War, said McFall, the era of snobbery ended, replaced by a period of campus concern.

"Before the war the big thing was to join a fraternity," said McFall. "If you were rich, owned a sports car, had a really out-going personality – and usually you had to be white – you belonged to a fraternity.

"If you lived in the dorm you were a geek. If you lived at home that was worse. If you lived in an apartment off-campus you were a Bohemian," he said.

"Naturally, since fraternity members are students, they changed, too."

In 1978, said McFall, a San Jose State fraternity member is usually a commuting student wishing to make friends on campus. All races join the mainly black or white fraternities, according to McFall.

"As in the past," he said, "there are still WASP fraternities that attract a certain type of man. We have our own versions of gentlemen houses and animal houses like you see in the movie 'Animal House.' But the differences between houses aren't as clear anymore. People are pretty mellow, enthusiastic. There are no more wars between houses.

"Most people don't realize it, but the fraternities are the backbone of this campus. Fraternity members as a whole are one of the most active groups here. We sponsor the dances and homecoming. The Greeks represent what the student wants."

As for the fraternity member himself," There's a great big intangible called brotherhood," said McFall.

"Some people brush it off as hokey," McFall said. "They think it's just an Ozzie and Harriet kind of thing. But brotherhood goes deeper and lasts longer than friendship. It's not something you observe, but something you feel."

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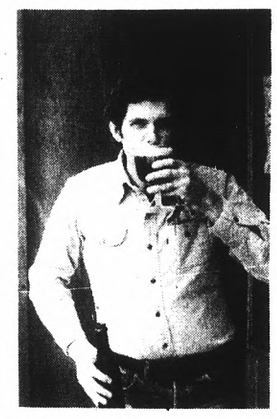

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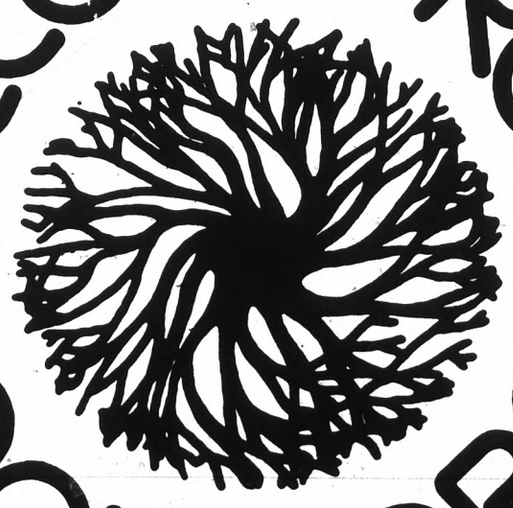

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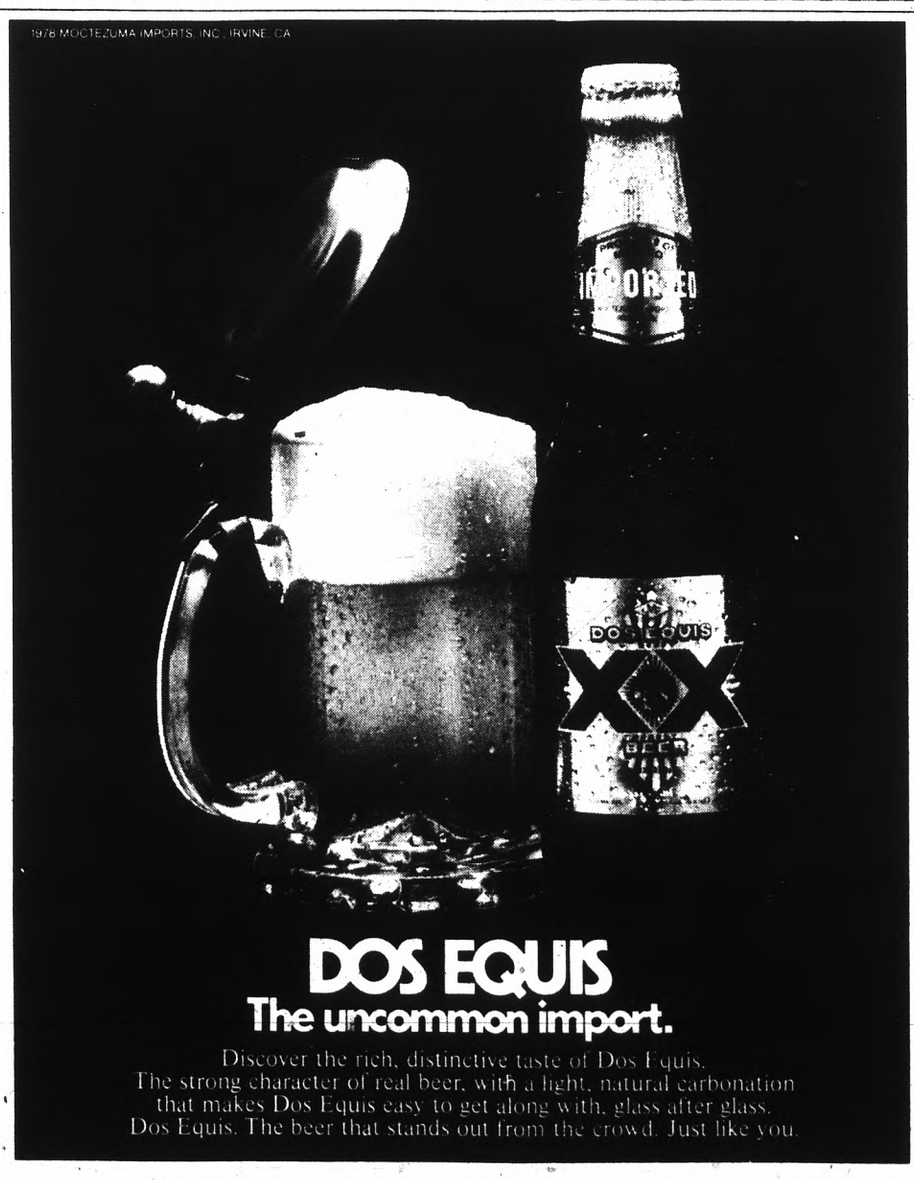

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insight

Ripples from a bloody civil war

by Yvette De Andreis

The coffin slides from side to side in the back of the pick-up truck as the body of Maria Sanchez is driven slowly to the Managua cemetery.

Her four sons will bury her themselves; funerals are forbidden these days in Nicaragua. Jose and Domingo watch over the coffin in the open truck bed, Jesus drives, Mario sits beside him.

It is a still day.

An orange jeep carrying National Guardsmen storms into view. Gunshots shatter the silence. The jeep rolls away leaving two dead, two seriously wounded. The coffin is riddled with bullets.

Aura Beteta, the dead woman's niece, has worked at SF State's Financial Aid Office for the past six years.

"They didn't even respect her body," Beteta said. "Things are bad in Nicaragua."

A native Nicaraguan, she is now treasurer of Nicaraguan People in Need (NPIN), a San Francisco-based fund-raising group which sends money home through the International Red Cross.

"Several thousand dollars" reportedly have been collected at a series of anti-Somoza rallies and demonstrations organized to support the Sandinista National Liberation Front.

The Sandinistas are Marxists dedicated to the overthrow of the Somoza government.

Though members of the NPIN claim the group is strictly non-militant, all of the organization's leaders are native Nicaraguans and say proudly they would fight the National Guard if given the chance.

Beteta fears her involvement here may endanger the lives of her family in Nicaragua. "They still live there," she said, "and of the *orejas* (government informants) hear about it, there could be trouble."

Her family has never been politically involved before, she said. "We are just ordinary people, concerned about our homeland."

According to a 1970 city census there were 7,615 Nicaraguans living in San Francisco. That figure is probably much higher now.

Of these Nicaraguans, about 200 are actively involved in the anti-

Barney Romero

Somoza movement. Thousands more sympathize with the protests.

"Every one of us represents 50 who aren't here," said Nydia Rosales, a lecturer at San Francisco City College.

"We are just average, working-class people," said Bergman Zuniga, who defected from his country in 1959 and now works here as a warehouseman.

A pilot for the Nicaraguan Air Force, Zuniga said he was approached by two opposition leaders who offered him $500 to fly them to friendly, pro-Sandinista Costa Rica.

"They took a real chance," he said. Zuniga stole a single-engine training plane, and the three left early the following morning.

"I couldn't tell anyone, not even my mother, for fear the *orejas* would find out and shoot me," he said.

Zuniga is one of NPIN's eight committee leaders, and claims his phone is tapped, preventing him from openly contacting relatives in Nicaragua.

"The only ones who know what it's like there are those who are living there," he said.

Maria-Elena knows what it is like. She is an 18-year-old student who left Managua last Thursday to stay with her family in San Francisco.

"Medicine, food and guns are stocked in the homes," she said. "The neighborhoods are organized."

Her family is wealthy by Nicaraguan standards, yet quite supportive of the Sandinistas' efforts to overthrow the government. Her father, a university microbiologist, recently bought grenades and a gun, testimony to the breadth of the resistance.

Information is scarce, and propaganda profuse. "All we ever see on television is Somoza and there is no radio," said Maria-Elena.

The streets of the capital city, patrolled by National Guardsmen, are tense and violent. Soldiers routinely demand identification papers from passersby.

"They especially distrust students," said Maria-Elena, because students constitute a large portion of the Sandinistas.

One student they distrusted was Barney Romero, a former medical student at the Nicaraguan National University who came to San Francisco and became a founding member of NPIN.

His family has a history of resisting the Somoza regime. His great-grandfather had a "close working relationship" with Cesar Agosto Sandino, the rebel whose fight against the 1936 installment of the Somoza dictatorship inspires the Sandinistas.

In Managua, Romero was arrested for the fourth time while distributing leaflets protesting the Somoza regime.

He was thrown in La Central, the city jail, and kept naked in solitary confinement for the next six months. His cell was dark and underground, with a dirt floor.

They fed him beans and water once a day, when they fed him at all; he lost some 40 pounds before he was finally released.

"My only crime was to be against the government," he said.

Romero has continued his resistance while in San Francisco. "There are only two legitimate fund-raising groups here," he said. "NPIN and Non-Intervention in Nicaragua (NIN)," he explained.

He is a committe member of NPIN and has "communications" with the NIN, but said he couldn't disclose the names of any of that group's members.

Romero claims NIN funds are slated for medical supplies, but according to Red Cross representative Teddi Sutton, "The Red Cross has no such specific programs--donations go where they are needed most."

Romero refused to comment on whether the money is used to purchase weapons.

"There has been tremendous support of NPIN by the San Franciscan Nicaraguan community, but NIN is less known," he said.

Romero believes his political activities have aroused the suspicion of the Nicaraguan National Guard, and that his father in Managua is under special surveillance.

"The National Guard harasses anybody who looks suspicious to them, and everybody looks suspicious to them," he said.

Even 15-year-old boys.

One evening, Sergio Romero, a San Franciscan who returned to Nicaragua to visit relatives, went to the movies with two friends. As they left the theater, three National Guardsmen seized them, saying, "You look like revolutionaries."

The boys were brought to La Central for interrogation, and thrown into a crowded cell.

"There were 130 political prisoners in my cell alone," said Sergio. "I was number 113."

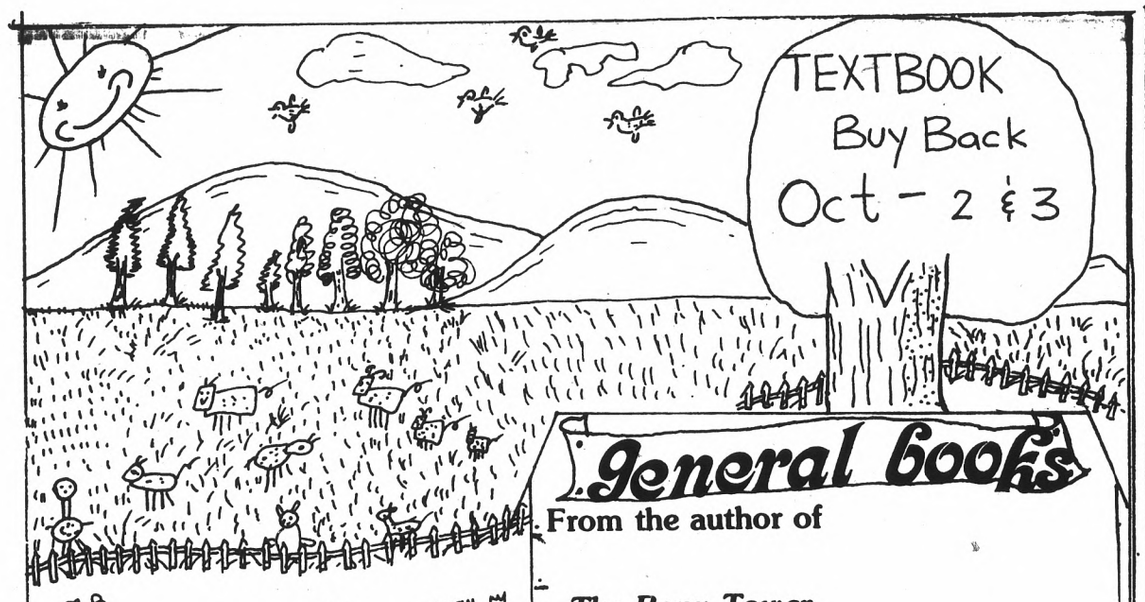
The boys were released after three weeks, but their pictures and fingerprints remain in the government records.

"This means that if I am ever arrested again under the Somoza regime, they will label me a Sandinista and kill me," he said.

Hanging Somozan effigy. Photos by Mark Richards.

A hot Saturday afternoon in the Mission District. A crowd gathers at Sandino Plaza at 24th and Mission Streets. In the center of the plaza hangs an effigy of Somoza, circled by about 150 demonstrators holding hand-made banners and placards, and waving Sandinista flags.

These are the "average people" who form the backbone of the City's anti-Somoza movement. "Alone we are impotent," said Nydia Rosales. "We come together and we are strong. We will fight again until we win."



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california digest

Police escort Bakke as protesters picket

Flanked by a squad of plainclothes police officers, Allan Bakke, winner of a reverse discrimination suit against the UC Davis medical school, appeared on campus for his first class Tuesday.

About 100 chanting protesters and the same number of news reporters gathered to meet the 38-year-old Bakke, but he avoided the throng by slipping through a side entrance to the lecture hall.

Outside the hall picketing protesters chanted, "We're gonna beat, beat, beat back Bakke," and "Affirmative action, we demand; unite to smash the Bakke plan."

After class, Bakke was escorted to his car by the campus policemen who had guarded the lecture hall entrances while class was in session.

The U.S. Supreme Court's decision found UC Davis in violation of the 1964 Civil Rights Act by reserving 16 of 100 spots for minorities in its 1973 and 1974 first-year classes. Bakke had been turned down for admission to both classes.

Anti-tuition campaign resorts to petitions

A letter-writing campaign to Governor Jerry Brown opposing tuition for the California State University and Colleges system (CSUC) is being augmented with a petition campaign by the Student Presidents Association (SPA).

Members of the SPA, which met last weekend in San Bernardino, argued that most students won't take the time to write letters but will sign a petition.

Craig Jones, SPA's legislative advocate, said that petitions would have more influence on individual legislators than on the governor. He said not enough letters are being written to make any impact on the governor.

Chico union says: no student teachers

Labor negotiations at the Chico Unified School District (CUSD) have forced more than 40 credential candidates from Chico State to student teach at the Marysville/Yuba City School District instead.

The candidates received a letter from Chico's Department of Education informing them they couldn't be matched up with teachers in CUSD in the fall as planned.

According to Arley Howsden, dean of education at Chico, the teacher's union at CUSD decided not to accept student teachers in their classrooms until their salary and benefit demands are met by the CUSD

The Chico Department of Education sent letters to the teachers to see if any would accept student teachers in the fall.

"By mid-June we at least knew there were some teachers that wouldn't strictly adhere to union requirements," said Ben LaPlante, director of the student credential program. "But there were still a number of students who had specialties that couldn't be matched up with teachers in CUSD."

The letters informing the credential candidates of the relocation was dated Aug. 1, but several students complained that they didn't receive it until two weeks later. Howsden admitted that the department might have posted the letters sooner, but he also claimed slow mail service and changes of address by students could have caused the delay.

SJ State to move on student apathy

The student government at San Jose State University has declared war on apathy.

Concerned about the high number of students not registered to vote, the Associated Students voted unanimously last week to try to register at least 5,000 San Jose State students by Oct. 9.

A 7 percent voter turnout in the spring campus election spurred the move, AS Vice President Joe Trippi said.

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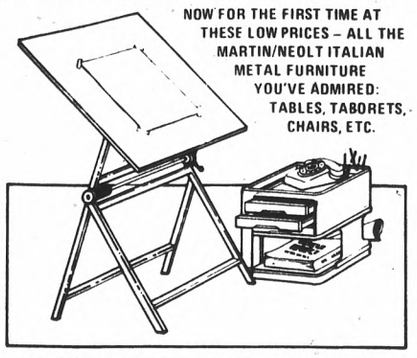

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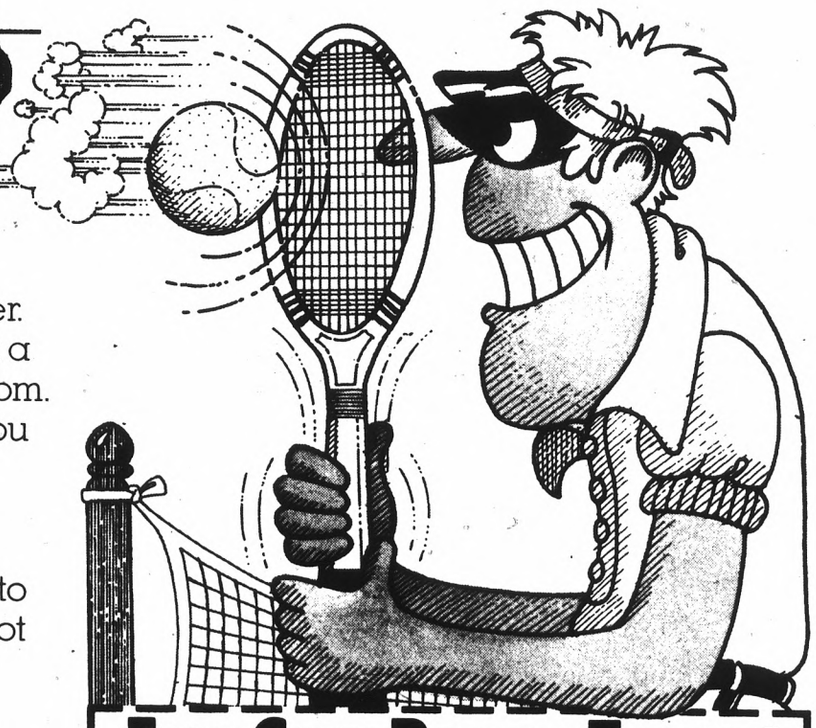

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opinion

Opposition to Proposition 6

Even though the SF State Academic Senate rarely takes a stand on political issues, their unanimous, no-fooling-around opposition to the Briggs Initiative does not surprise us.

Considering the initiative's threat to academic freedom – and the vulnerability ALL California teachers will assume if it passes – we don't see how they could have done otherwise.

We wish that the Academic Senate's courage could be commandeered by SF State's administration and Chancellor Glenn Dumke on behalf of the entire CSUC system.

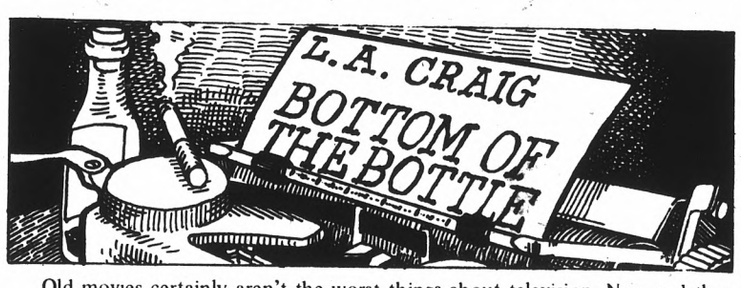
In order to effectively block such an emotional issue as Briggs is turning out to be, a concerned, organized effort against the initiative must be rallied.

We applaud the efforts of the senate to rally support against Briggs, but we feel that a total committment from the system and our administration should be shown.

Every instructor at SF State knows full well what horrors the McCarthy Era handed to freethinkers. Some instructors were victims of the witch-hunting and blacklisting that fair comment attracted.

Having already been victimized, instructors are naturally more sensitive to the implications of the initiative and the fact that it is not only an attack on homosexuals, but on the teaching profession as well.

We urge the Chancellor and SF State's administration and faculty to openly and actively oppose the Briggs Initiative and not hide behind silence when personal and academic freedom is at stake.



Old movies certainly aren't the worst things about television. Now and then they throw in a choice Marx Brothers or maybe a Bogart. Or a Brando.

It's the appearance of the thing – the TUBE – that can be nerve-bending at times. There's something about that convex bulge of hypnotic glass that won't leave you alone.

If it's on, you're watching it. If it's off, it's watching YOU – regardless of what YOU'RE doing.

You can move yourself to another room, but it won't do any good. You can't hide. Even locked away in a study, trying desperately to absorb Ethics or Mass Comm Law, the voices find you.

Snaking under the door, they gnaw at your concentration and weaken your will. Finally, your mind is clouded by catchy sit-com themes, hard-sell jingles and grotesque canned laughter.

And always there are the persistent voices telling you to save gas and money, freshen your breath, eat langustino, drink anything, wake up and sleep, walk through airports, trade in your old one, shave close, lose weight, paint your toenails, and get started in the credit world.

"I used to think I'd never be successful. Then I heard about the Shamrock School of Part-time Liquor Store Clerking. Now, thanks to the Shamrock School, I have a captive audience and get to see the world through squinty eyes. Don't waste your spare time at boring jobs in journalism or pro sports. Enroll in the Shamrock School and to hell with your education."

And there are plenty of other things on the tube that are aesthetically displeasing to the ear. There are those absurd tones of fill-in newsmen as they try to make like the news hasn't happened yet . . .

"The biggest foot in the world at a door-to-door salesmen's convention in Oakland, and Rhodesian choppers bite the weenie. Details at six."

There are the constant samples of the tastelessness that television technology has brought down on itself . . .

"We'll get to the next championship cliff diver in a moment, Art. But first, here's a stop-action close up of that last guy splattering against the rocks."

And there's the yukking, gagging, madness that program executives refer (snickeringly) to as variety shows . . .

"Don't miss the Tennessee Lenny Chevy Show . . . Starring, Tennessee Lenny Chevy (applause) and his special guests . . . Don Bob Vondonbob (more applause) . . . Miss Billy Bottom (sirens) . . . Funnyman Chewy Shells (knee-slapping) . . . the Square Needle Dusty Moth hooters (a few hoots) . . . the Uptown Snide Chicken hoofers (as many hoofs) . . . Grammaw and Grampaw Grope (200 raspberries) ... and YOU (cheers)...

Tonight at nine, Football Fannie's pig gets stuck in his lunchbox."

How can you get the used-car salesmen out of your mind?

One dealer was so unphotogenic that he appeared to be a duck on camera. He held auditions among his salesmen, and the best one did the commericals and got a revolving title as well.

He appeared as sales manager, general manager and then president – which suited him well because nobody could understand him. And then . . .

"Hiya friends. Smilin' Sal Stepsucker here, assistant head-supreme credit granter here at Dirty Guys Dodge . . . And friends, we ARE the dirtiest . . . Hey schizoids, check the flag on these extras. Two-speed trunk wipers, dual ham cans, twin fag bars, and a double glove box lock . . . Each car has a full warranty for all darts and staples . . . guaranteed to last as long as it takes you to walk to the cheap seats from where you parked for the seventh game of . . . "

It's not that television has gotten worse over the years. It simply hasn't gotten better and has become trite. Manyof today's comedy shows are remakes of the shows we saw in the 1970s. It's like the writers throw all the old gags into a hat, toss in some bosoms and backsides, and then pull out a script.

Often, these shows should be listed in the pink sheet as anything but comedy. What's funny about a death camp inmate singing "I've Got You Under My Skin" to his tatoo?

Now if Brando ever did a feminine spray commercial or if Anita Bryant gave Rex Reed a big smooch during prime time, it could be funny.

But you'll never see anything like that on television Anyway, not this season.

WELL, UH... WE HEARD THAT THERE WAS GOING TO BE SOME "GREEK STUFF" GOING ON TONIGHT ON CAMPUS, AND EVER SINCE THIS BRIGGS THING...
TOGA PARTY TO-NITE!
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letters

Resentful prof

Editor:

As the instructor of "Media in Bourgeois Society," I take exception to the cartoon in your last paper, implying that a student has a low GPA because of a failing grade in my course, and therefore cannot find employmen

In the first place, because of the intellectual capability of my students as well as the quality of instruction, I have never had to give a failing grade in that course. Secondly, it is not entirely fair to compare my course to "Wines, Spirits, and Fermentation," since my course does not require sensitive taste buds, only critical intellect. Finally, being an academic, I don't really care for this type of media exposure.

Donald M. Lowe
Professor of History

Overtaxed

Editor:

While examining a receipt from the campus bookstore, I was surprised to find that some of the texts I purchased had been taxed at a 6½ percent rate, and most had been taxed at 7 percent as had some friends' books. Although these errors seem trivial, consider that the bookstore will gross a conservatively estimated $1 million this semester, and an overcharge like this could amount to a considerable sum – which is pure profit – for Franciscan Shops. I would like to advise students to check their receipts, and to request a refund where appropriate.

Also, if anybody received a 25 percent discount on texts, as purported by Walter Speer, Franciscan Shops' manager (*Phoenix*, Aug. 31, page 2), I would like to hear about it. My own experience indicates that the campus bookstore charges the publishers' printed list price.

Stan Sibley

Spare clones?

Editor:

What's all this nonsense about clones? Clone television shows, clone morality, clone invasion forces – Who needs it? Who believes it? The only reason I have a clone is for spare parts.

Bic Schaeffer

Thanx, but...

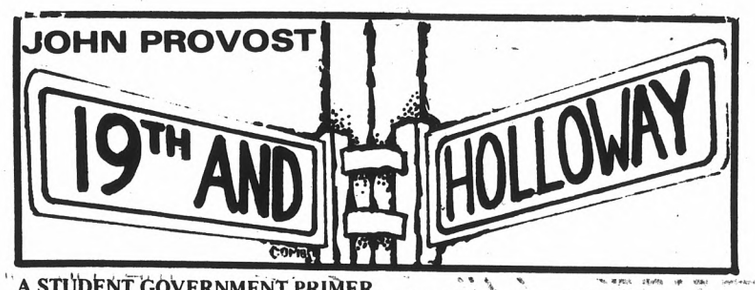
Editor:

Thanks for the coverage in the last issue of *Phoenix*. God knows we need the exposure However, the information describing our outlets in paragraph 3 was incorrect.

KSFS broadcasts to the Listening Rooms in the Student Union on channel 7, and to the dorms on a carrier current system. It's a bit confusing, but here's how it works: dormies can pick up KSFS with a special antenna available free from us (469-2428). At this point only Merced and Mary Ward Halls are wired for pick-up, Verducci Hall will hopefully be wired soon.

KSFS also broadcasts to San Francisco on the Viacom cable system, TV channel 6, and 100.7 FM stereo. It's not Viacom in the dorms as stated in the article.

Dave Artale
Program Director, KSFS



A STUDENT GOVERNMENT PRIMER, OR: FEAR & LOATHING IN THE AS

The latest brouhaha in the AS is over President Wayne Lukaris' determination to create the post of AS general manager. The AS had a general manager until 1968 when the Auxiliary Accounting Unit came into being. There hasn't been a G.M. since that time, but Lukaris feels that he and other members of his staff are overworked and need relief.

The legislature didn't go for the idea, but Lukaris found a way to get around them. Since the legislature doesn't meet during the summer, Lukaris had the five member Summer Executive Committee transfer $7,250 in salary and benefits from the office manager position to a new general manager's position. They also transferred $2,535 of unallocated funds to the general manager.

The university president has to approve these changes since they deviate from the already set AS budget. Steve Rafter, speaker of the legislature, sent a memorandum to the comptroller saying that the AS doesn't need a G.M., that the elected AS officers should be able to run things themselves. The comptroller agreed. Lukaris then sent him a scathing letter telling him that the administration should not interfere in an internal AS affair.

It's funny and also a bit unsettling to see how seriously our young bureaucrats take themselves. Student government is supposed to be a learning experience in running a bureaucratic structure, working with people, representing and governing the student body. Well . . . they've learned how to manipulate budgets by switching items from one line to another. And how to deal with the press by telling them one thing while doing another. They've learned to pass unacceptable legislation by changing the language and to kill unwanted legislation through parliamentary procedure.

It's been amusing covering the Lukaris administration since it took office last spring, watching them operate in the face of opposition. When Lukaris didn't like the coverage he was getting in the AS published *Zenger's*, he turned its equipment over to the Journalism Department so they could publish it. In return, the AS could buy two pages for uncensored "news."

When AS officials said Lukaris wanted to be president of the Student President's Association, he tried to extend his term by changing the AS constitution through a hastily called convention. It never came off because the AS realized that they hadn't enough time to publicize the event.

These antics didn't harm anyone, but now, in his quest to get a general Manager, Lukaris has eliminated Office Manager Toni Stadlman for reasons unknown. However, it was on Aug. 16 that Lukaris transferred the office manager's salary to the general manager. Since Barry Bloom, chairman of the judicial court, resigned last week, Lukaris is crying to the legislature that he desperately needs a G.M. And several AS officers say the G.M. will be none other than Barry Bloom.

That student government is a microcosm of real-life government is certainly a cliche, but like most cliches, it has some truth. Our AS officers are getting quite an education, and no doubt it will help them when they enter the real world. Soon they'll be applying their knowledge to their corporate and governmental jobs. Too bad.

Clones decoded

Recently it was learned that *Phoenix* has incorrectly translated the letters submitted by Bill Hathcock, communications officer for the Clone Invasion Forces (CIF).

Phoenix had up to now held the content of the original letters a secret, pending further investigation. Last week's letter, which began, "Dearest Humanoids: We regret to inform you that . . . " was originally worded, "Frstrdy Humsnoifd: Er trhtry yo ingotm you yhsy . . . " and translated into its published form by a *Phoenix* Alien Languages Interpreter.

After repeated trials, using some of the 346,881,996,884 possible alphabetical arrangements, he came up with what he thought was the correct translation. But Hathcock (or "Hsyhvovk") forwarded a recent memo to *Phoenix*, which, when translated, read, "Blue snakes are the staple of mankind's most fervent desires," leading our interpreter to conclude that his translation formula is incorrect.

– M.G.

PHOENIX

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Letters from *Phoenix* readers will be printed on the basis of available space and must be signed by the author.

Editorials do not necessarily reflect the policies and opinions of the Department of Journalism or the university administration.

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FALL 1978

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On the run from tradition

by Carole Quandt

Rites of Passage ceremonies are dominated by observers, not participants. In christenings, bar mitvahs and funerals, the babies, boys and dead bodies involved are only pawns in the rituals, centerpieces for revolving celebrations.

Weddings needn't fall prey to this trap of conventionality. The people involved are neither too old nor too young to struggle against the status quo. But all too often, lovers either overlook or sacrifice the capacity to create their own rites, submitting to sloppy kisses from distant aunts and ill-timed screams from infants.

Who wants to play second fiddle to a wet baby on her wedding day?

Not me.

So, when I got married in Gold Hill, Nevada over the summer, all traditions, or at least the ones I didn't want to endure, were thrown out the window.

We began inviting guests two days before the wedding was scheduled. The guest list did not include parents. We eloped with 10 friends.

The bridesmaid, informed years ago of her eventual duty, said she had to work on my wedding day. There was no way she could two-step to the wedding march at eleven in Nevada and be at work in California by one o'clock.

Pre-marital panic set in at that point, a tradition in its own right. The brunt of it should be borne by the bride's parents, but we were shackled with it ourselves. We were stuck in San Francisco without a bridesmaid, wedding rings, marriage license, proper clothing for the occassion, or enough money to get us through the casinos, where we had planned to spend our one-day honeymoon.

When our car overheated in Carson City, we decided to take care of the wedding license, a legal tradition that can't be bypassed in any state. Walking past the while-u-wait wedding chapels in the 100 plus afternoon heat, the anxiety of impending doom set in.

This wasn't our average gambling jaunt to Reno. After living together for years, we were getting married. And we didn't have to. But by that point, there was no getting out of it. No last minute mutual jilting. We had asked too many people to come too many miles to pull a fast one.

Getting a marriage license in Nevada, in retrospect, is comparable to paying a parking ticket. The clerk behind the 24-hour service desk asks endless questions about your mother and what her maiden name was. The scene is like a warped TV quiz show – if you get the answer wrong, you can't get married. "I'm sorry, you spelled your mother's name wrong. You can reapply for a license in six weeks."

But then she was stamping our piece of parchment with a golden seal, and I knew we passed inspection. This horrible clerk had agreed to our marriage. She'd also taken us for twenty bucks. All we got in return was a bank certificate. But destiny was in the making.

Karen Carpenter played at our wedding in Gold Hill. We said the proper I dos and I wills for our non-denominational preacher, and Karen told us we'd only just begun to live.

Tradition was sneaking in on us from hidden speakers. No one invited Karen Carpenter to my wedding!

Someone ripped the tape from its hideout, replacing it with rock'n'roll. The champagne began to flow and all the anxiety building up to getting married was miraculously dispersed.

Now all I have to worry about are the centuries of tradition that surrounds being a wife.

UMI

Feig to employees: no more free rides

by T.L. Vau Dell

SF State employees can't get campus loan cars for free transportation any more.

In a series of policy revisions in August, Vice President of Administrative Affairs Konnilyn Feig set a 17-cent-a-mile rate for the once-gratis service, shortened the once-unlimited time period a vehicle could be borrowed to seven days, and established procedures to document who uses the cars and for what.

In the past, some of the nine sedans, vans and station wagons located in the university corporation yard were loaned out for weeks at a time. A waiting line for cars was not uncommon and occasionally no vehicles were available.

Officials in University Plant Operations, who run the service from a one-story office next to the campus police station, rely heavily on the borrower's integrity.

That policy did not always work.

In one incident, an instructor requested and was given a state loan car ostensibly to transport SF State students on a field trip. The professor did use the vehicle to carry students – those at a nearby community college where he worked part-time.

Ed Kline, assistant plant operations director, oversees the car loan program. He recalled the incident but not the names of those involved. He acknowledged, though, that "with even the best system, there is always a chance for abuses."

A study undertaken by the administration this summer, from which the 17-cent mileage rate was established, did not address questions of abuse, nor did it see a need to.

An examination of car loan program records by the *Phoenix* revealed these facts:

* Between 10 to 15 per cent of the time a lack of available cars has forced some instructors and administrators to rent private or federal government vehicles for official college business. Yet three departments, Science, Biology and Ethnic Studies, have consistently had little difficulty obtaining campus loan cars.

* Cars are regularly signed out by three motor pool mechanics without specification and contrary to Kline's orders that the practice be stopped when the rate charge went into effect last month.

* There seems to be uncertainty about the storage of mileage records and other documents pertaining to loan car use. Kline told the Phoenix that daily mileage slips are tallied and then destroyed prior to the start of a new fiscal year on July 1.

But a secretary in Kline's office said state law requires the documents be kept at least two years and sometimes longer.

(Mileage slips, which the drivers fill out, and written vehicle request forms are the only way to determine who uses a car on a given day.)

The *Phoenix* was denied access to those records by Plant Operations Director Marvin Wells. Wells said he could not spare staff to retrieve the documents, nor would he allow them to be read without staff supervision.

Wells suggested, however, that information regarding vehicle scheduling be obtained by examining a calendar in Kline's office. The calendar, which dates back to March, contains penciled notations of departments' car requests.

It shows that the Science and Biology Departments borrowed vehicles about 30 times this semester for periods ranging from a few hours up to a week.

And, despite the fact that several vehicles are permanently assigned to it, the Science Department contracted campus sedans and vans for numerous trips to Camp Leonard, a field laboratory in the Sierra-Nevada.

On one such trek, Biology Professor Bonnie Davis kept a loan car for nearly three months, from June 5 through Sept. 1.

"If she had asked to use the vehicle for that length of time during the normal school year, we wouldn't have ok'd her request," Kline explained.

While acknowledging some departments use loan cars more often than others, he was adamant that his office did not "allow people to garnish vehicles to the detriment of others."

During times when he had no cars to loan, Kline authorized SF State employees to borrow cars from the General Service Administration (GSA) garage in San Francisco, or from private rental agencies. In each case his office picked up the tab.

Until Feig imposed the new rules, borrowing a campus vehicle was simplicity itself. An individual first obtained permission from his department head. A written request signed either by the department head or by up to two designated representatives was then approved by Plant Operations, generally without any questions.

Kline, who was unable to recall a recent state audit of the program, did cite a second breach of the department rules.

He said last year a professor, whom he was unable to identify, attempted to take his family with him in a sedan to an Arizona conference. Only campus employees are allowed to ride in loan cars.

In that instance, and the one involving the moonlighting community college professor, forms with the necessary signatures had been submitted.

"The departments tell us what the trips are for. If we receive the authorization, we don't question it," Kline said.

Academic Senate condemns Prop. 6

by David Israels

The Academic Senate of SF State "in an appeal to reason" briskly approved a resolution Tuesday unanimously opposing Proposition 6, the anti-gay Briggs Initiative.

The resolution urges the statewide Academic Senate of the 19-school California State University and College System to join SF State's faculty group in opposing passage of the Briggs Initiative.

The 150-word senate resolution warned that Proposition 6 "appears to violate constitutional rights of free speech."

The resolution said, "Exercise of free speech is the basis of academic freedom," and "denying the rights of some endangers the rights of all."

It also argued that present state laws already effectively protect school children from "inappropriate advances or propaganda" by teachers of "any sexual orientation."

The Academic Senate, consisting of elected and appointed faculty representatives, is a legislative body that recommends policy to the university president, such as curriculum changes and issues governing faculty affairs.

While Julian Randolph, president of the senate, would not characterize the group's normal pace as snail-like, he did say this resolution was considered and passed with "unusual speed."

The idea for a statement was suggested only two weeks ago, Randolph said.

It was also unusual when the senate approved the resolution on its first reading and, without sending it back to committee for more work, moved immediately to a second and final reading.

The resolution initially came to the senate through a petition signed in 48 hours by some 100 members of SF State's 1,400 faculty. English Professor Jane Gurko first suggested the idea at a meeting of the School of Humanities.

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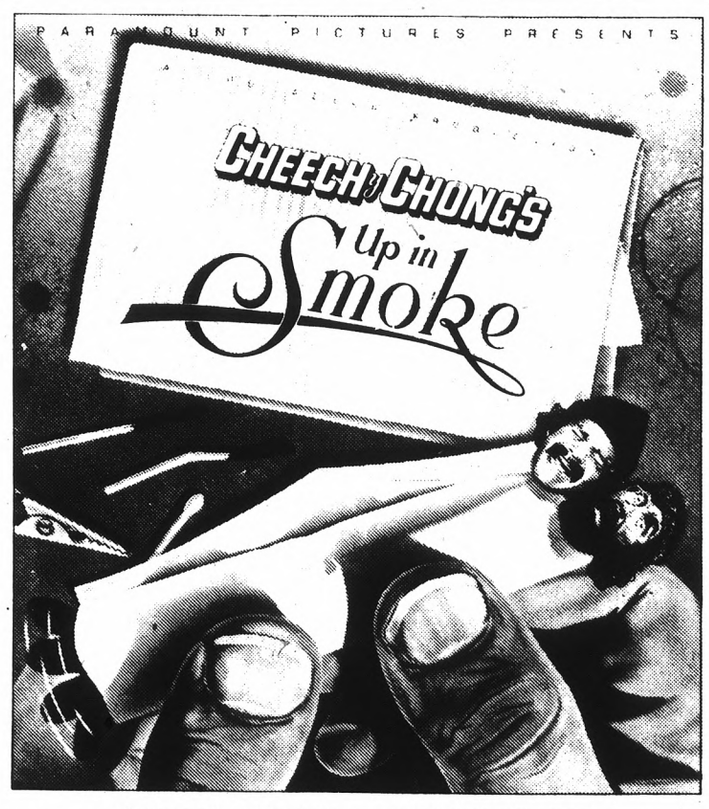

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Media stars can be fun

by Carol Craig

He wears black pants and a matching shirt with sleeves rolled above the elbows. He is sporting pointed cowboy boots.

John Wasserman, 14-year-veteran entertainment critic for the *San Francisco Chronicle*, sits behind the blue and white checkered cloth-covered table. Two microphones are perched on either end.

The scene is the Boarding House, a well-known San Francisco nightclub on Bush Street. The guest speaker is Charles "Peanuts" Schulz. It's all part of an extension class from SF State called "Media and the Arts."

On another night, the guest could be Singer Joan Baez. Or Major George Moscone. Or *Chronicle* Publisher Richard Theriot.

Classes held at the nightclub consist of question and answer sessions. Usually, the celebrities are known personally to Wasserman.

There are 250 students enrolled in the course, but not all are from SF State. They fling out questions as they dive into creative and personal sides of each guest. Wasserman is always attentive to his guest and to audience questions. He is calm and relaxed, yet deep in thought.

His face lights up with an elfish grin and dimpled cheeks as he says, "I laugh like a fool at some of the things I write. I just thought you'd like to know."

Wasserman is widely known for the satirical wit he employs with devastating ease in his entertainment reviews. He first approached SF State with his idea for "Media and the Arts" in the fall semester of 1974.

The extension program is part of the Continuing Education Department. Students can earn up to 24 units toward a baccalaureate degree through the program.

"Media and the Arts" is not state-funded. Expenses are paid by tuition. $90 if you're taking it for credit, $60 if you're there to enjoy the show.

Wasserman said the theme of the class was to allow people "to meet and question other people who are distinguished in various branches of the media and the arts.

"I had an idea that most people don't have the chance to be exposed to a wide range of media people," he said.

The class is held once a week, each time for two and three-quarter hours. Wasserman's list of speakers is diverse and impressive, ranging from Clint Eastwood to Grace Slick.

Critic John Wasserman and Peanut's cartoonist Charles Schulz amuse and instruct a special media class. Photo by Mark Richards.

Guests donate their time, according to Extension Program Director Marci Mandershield. The Boarding House does not charge rent for class use, but student fees go to the club's staff to set up chairs and lighting.

Wasserman thanked the Boarding House for donating the building to his care. "They probably want to get my favorable side so I'll write good reviews," he said.

At each class, Wasserman plays the role of mediator, listening intently to questions, repeating them for all to hear, and offering his opinion and knowledge of each celebrity's work.

Mandershield said 80 to 90 percent of Wasserman's students come from the surrounding community and aren't currently enrolled SF State students. High fees are the reason, she said.

The students themselves appear to come from all walks of life, are all ages, and look like a collective mixture that may be found in any movie or playhouse.

Their tables are decked with glasses of wine, bottles of beer, paper plates filled to capacity with hot dogs and salad they either bring from home or buy on the spot at the nightclub's bar and restaurant.

Students taking the course for two units of credit are required to keep a journal and write a paper. Wendy Woody, an employee of a local rock concert promoter, said she wanted to take the class strictly for fun.

"I just want to laugh at Wasserman," she said.

A plan to ease spatial squeeze

Inadequate facilities, overcrowded classrooms and insufficient parking space continue to plague SF State even though a 1970 campus master plan proposed possible solutions.

All proposed construction must be approved by the campus administration, the California State University and College (CSUC) system Board of Trustees, and several other commissions.

The 1970 master plan, part of a CSUC system-wide outline, proposed several construction projects, with some getting higher priority than others.

Construction works already complete include the Student Union, the Physical Sciences and Math Building, the Biological Sciences Building, the New Administration Building and the library addition.

Physical structures proposed by the master plan but not yet approved include two parking garages – one of which will have tennis courts on top – a Science Projects Building, and Education Building, a Gymnasium, and Engineering Building and remodeling the present gym to accommodate college-wide classrooms and Creative Arts studios.

Meanwhile, several SF State department heads insist they need space and are confused about the master plan's status.

"There's no question that we are overcrowded. We're bursting at the seams," Richard A. Swanson, Physical Education chairman, said.

Byron Thinger, Engineering chairman, said, "We are tight. We need specialized labs but we're making due as is. Our building received a low priority and to my knowledge it no longer is on the (master) plan," he said.

Dean of Education Asa Hilliard, said his department needs specialized space that could be used by instructors for the good of the students.

Dean of Creative Arts A. James Bravar, said, "Our Arts (and Industry) Building is overcrowded and not in very good shape. We are using the sculpture yard and huts to hold classes.

According to Orrin Deland, director of Institutional Planning at SF State, the master plan projects what type of campus growth will be needed in 20 years.

by Joe Rodriguez

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continued from page 1

education employees was specifically written for those employees, the implementation of collective bargaining will make the bill easier to implement.

But before collective bargaining can become a reality – which most likely won't be until late spring, 1980 – several things must happen.

First, the Public Employee Relations Board (PERB), headquartered in Sacramento, must determine exactly whom the bargaining law applies to. For example, does it apply to part-time faculty and staff as well as full-time employees? Both permanent and temporary staff? Would contracts be worked out on a statewide basis or campus by campus?

Once these decisions are made, workers included in the bargaining process will vote on whether they want collective bargaining.

If employees reject collective bargaining, they will have put their OK on the present salary and benefit system. Now, the CSUC Board of Trustees and UC Regents determine salaries and benefits before annual budget proposals are sent to the Legislature and governor.

Under the collective bargaining bill, the California Legislature and governor retain the final say on salary matters, but bargaining agencies would be allowed to participate in the first contract formulation. Prior to the bill's passage, employee organizations were allowed to make suggestions to the governing boards, which were not legally bound to follow the suggestions.

"Nothing changes the fact that the governor proposes a budget and the legislature enacts it," Ianni said.

The new law will not go into effect until July 1, 1979 because state groups need time to raise funds required to implement the plan without a special mid-year appropriation, which would require a two-thirds vote of the Legislature.

Until a vote is taken to determine if collective bargaining will be used, it is certain that unions and associations like the California State Employees Association, the United Professors of California (UPC) and the California Federation of Teachers will be battling each other for membership and the right to exclusive faculty and staff representation at SF State. To some degree, the battle has already started.

Two days after Gov. Brown signed the bill, UPC lobbyists and organizers met with a number of SF State faculty members to discuss the benefits of joining their organization.

"There's going to be quite a bit of wooing in the next year or so," commented one SF State administrator, who wished to remain anonymous.

What's a Caerulean?

by Judy S. Wasserman

Try running down your favorite neighborhood travel agent for tickets on the next charter flight to Caerulea.

It's not easy. But if you succeed in booking a flight, you can be assured of a place in the "Guinness Book of World Records."

Better yet, find the Caerulean consulate and plea for a visitor's visa. But you'll have more luck joining Dorothy for a hand in hand stroll down the yellow brick road in search of Oz.

Caerulea. What is Caerulea? Where is Caerulea? What is a Caerulean? Who in fact gives a damn?

Eleanore Rappe and Eleanore Bender, two Bay Area artists do. They have a lot invested in Caerulea. The artists share a common interest in art and archaeology and have conjured up a brew sweetened with a fistful of fantasy. They are also the only people who can arrange a "trip" to the island.

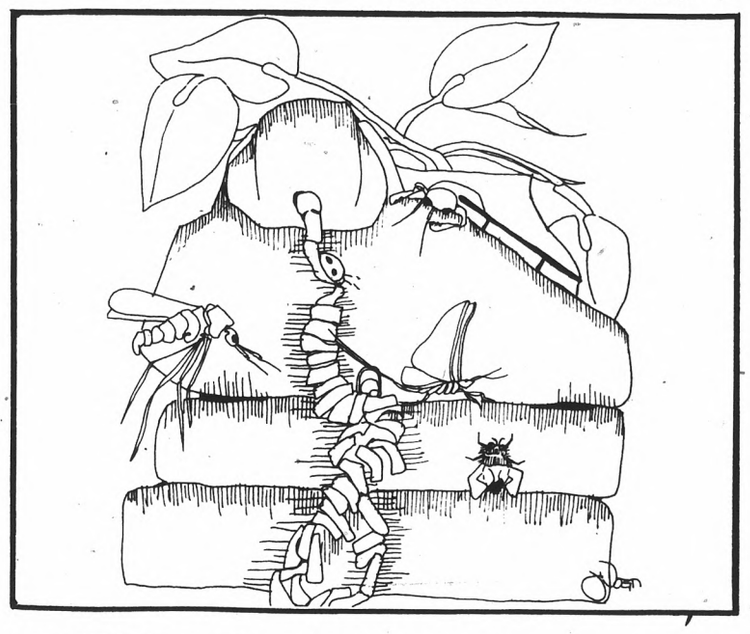
The artists are exhibiting lithographs depicting their fantasy island at the University Club in the Franciscan building through Oct. 27.

A story in *Zenger's & Golden Gater* last week lead readers to believe Bender and Rappe had made the archeological find of the century. The article said the women had discovered a mid-Atlantic island which was the half-way point on a 1500 BC trade route between the Mediterranean Sea and Central America.

"My mouth fell open after reading the article," said classics professor Raoul Bertrand. "Either its the biggest hoax, or I'm just ignorant."

Rappe and Bender said the idea that their tongue-in-cheek parody could be accepted as a serious discovery is "so funny that it was bizarre." "Each woman," recalled Albert Dixon, director of the San Jose Museum of Art, which presented the Caerulean exhibition last year, "has a very good sense of humor." He said the whole idea behind the exhibit was to "present it as if Caerulea did exist." Dixon said the show was "a lot of fun" for both him and the public.

To deter anyone from making incorrect assumptions about Caerulea's true origin, catalogues are available explaining that it is only a contrived mythical civilization.



Buzz! Snap! A telephone tap!

by Nancy Isles Nation

It's happened enough that you're sure. Every time you pick up the telephone you hear a click. It may be tapped, but how do you find out?

Call Pacific Telephone (PT&T) and tell them. They'll tell you it could be a nosy friend, a jealous lover, the FBI or the CIA.

SF State students would most likely be spied upon by the first two on the list – illegally.

"Tapping into a line is simple to do," said a PT&T service representative. "This is usually done at the terminal, sometimes on a telephone pole but more likely in a closet or basement of an apartment building. With a little knowledge of wiring, an extention can be connected to any phone line."

This "off-premise extension" can usually be easily detected. Background noise, a click or mysterious long-distance calls on your phone bill may mean your phone has been tapped.

The telephone company calls this kind of tap "theft of service," and all cases hould be reported to the service representative.

Legal wiretaps can only be done by federal agencies. "Electronic interception," as the FBI calls it, can be done only with a court order, essentially a search warrant, approved by a judge.

The decision is then reviewed by Justice Department attorney. Actual installation of the tap is done with the knowledge of the telephone company, said Joe Aaron, an FBI spokesman.

The FBI will deny they are conducting a wiretap if asked, Aaron said. "Once it is over we are required to inform the person that their phone has been tapped," he added.

According to PT&T security, if the FBI is legally tapping a line, they have a record of it and will not interfere. If they receive a complaint of a wire-tapped line from an individual who is being legally bugged they will inform the person they "cannot confirm whether the phone is tapped or not."

The anti-nuclear group, People Against Nuclear Power (PANP), is now involved in a court case resulting from a San Luis Obispo demonstration in August. PANP lawyers have subpoenaed the FBI, San Luis Obispo and Santa Barbara sheriffs and Pacific Gas & Electric to give testimony on PANP information leaked by informants and possible wiretaps.

Although it has been proven that the FBI has illegally tapped political groups, such as the Socialist Workers Party, suspicions by anti-nuclear groups that their lines are being tapped are "a stupendous improbability," Aaron said.

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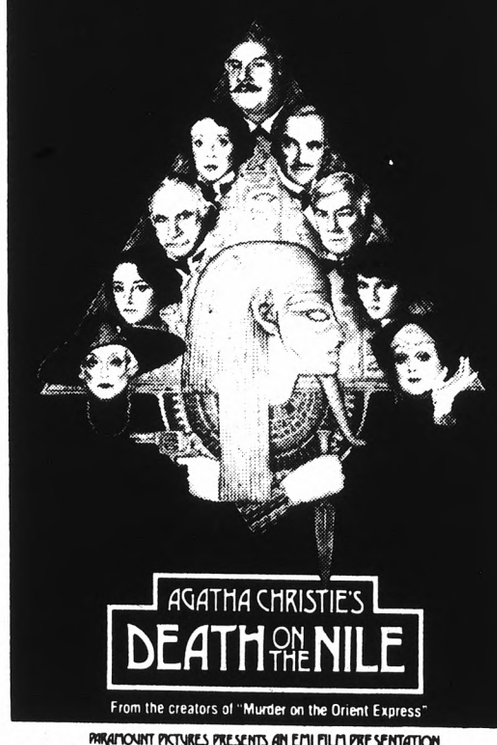

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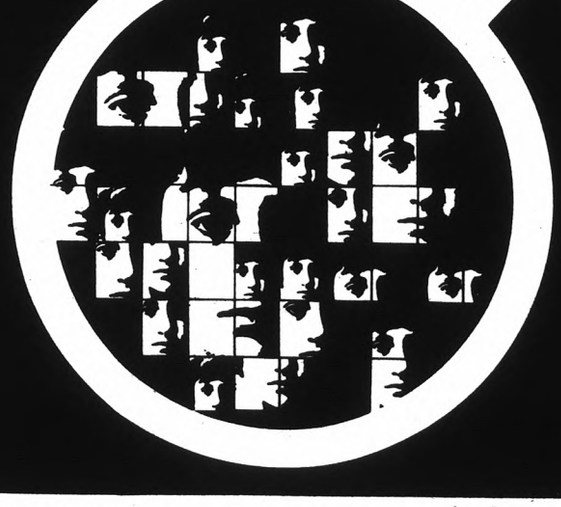

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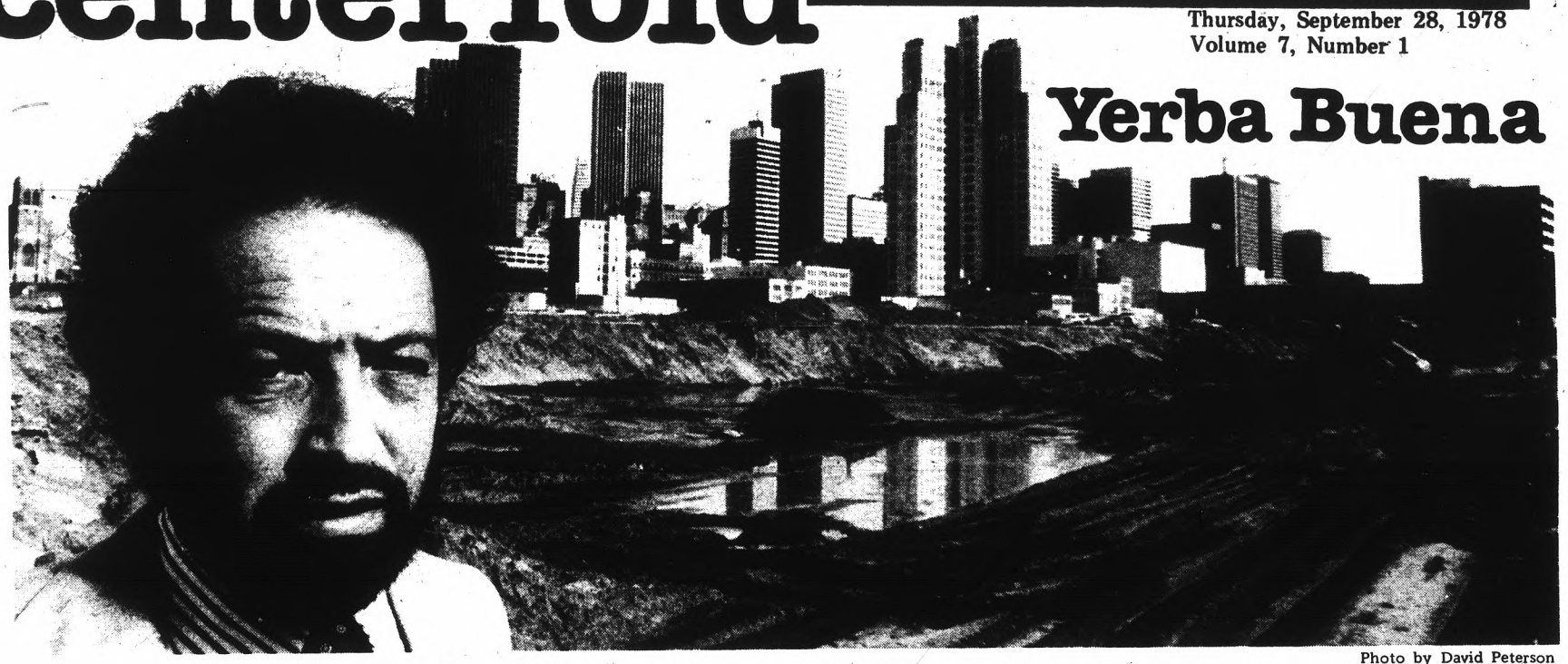

Photo by David Peterson

Can Hartman stop the project?

by Rick Aschieris

The grounds of the Yerba Buena Convention Center are broken, and bulldozers have begun to inhale the earth. But Chester Hartman and a small citizens' committee want to stop construction of the center, which he claims San Francisco voters never approved.

Two lawsuits remain from a long history of litigation, and Hartman is confident these two suits will stop the multi-million dollar convention center.

Hartman, an urban consultant, sometimes spends three to four days a week going through the project's massive financial records to prepare the suit. He does his own research to cut down on attorney fees, since no lawyer would agree to take the case free of charge, as they have in the past.

Hartman, 42, has had an interest in the Yerba Buena development since his arrival in San Francisco nearly nine years ago. He received his doctorate in city and regional planning from Harvard where he taught city planning from 1966 until 1970. He then moved to San Francisco when he joined the National Housing and Economic Development Law Project, sponsored by UC Berkeley.

He wrote a book on the subject titled "Yerba Buena; Land Grab and Community Resistance in San Francisco," which details the development of Yerba Buena from 1953 until 1974, the year of the book's publication.

Richard LeGates, director of the Urban Studies Program at SF State, has known Hartman since his arrival in the Bay Area. He described Hartman as "the last honest man, a first-rate intellect. He does exactly what he believes is right, whether it is popular or not, paid or not, or people are interested or not. It seems to make no difference to him, and he pursues his goals doggedly and independently."

One of Hartman's goals is to stop the current excavation for the convention center. The center will be between Howard and Folsom streets and Third and Fourth streets. When completed, two-thirds of the center will be underground. It will have the largest column-free exhibit hall of its kind in the United States, according to the city's Redevelopment Agency.

Hartman is seeking an injunction to stop excavation because "It would create a psychological climate which we thought would be damaging to our main suit. The city would say to the court and to the public, 'You can't stop it now, it's underway.' "

Chances of winning in local trial court are not good, according to Hartman, but he feels chances will increase at the appellate court level. "It's really hard for a San Francisco judge to stop something that has so much backing in the power structure," Hartman said.

The "power structure," according to Hartman, includes airlines, hotels and restaurants which would directly benefit from the convention center. Their influence at city hall is bought by heavy contributions to the election coffers of San Francisco's officials, Hartman said.

The city and Hartman will present their arguments before Superior Court Judge John Benson on Oct. 30.

If the city loses the suit, citizens will have to pay to fill the hole the bulldozers are digging and restore the land to its original condition.

If lease-revenue bonds, the chief source of funding for the project, are not sold by June 30, there may not be a convention center anyway.

This is because the ordinance which raised the hotel tax from 6 percent to 8 percent to help finance the center contains a June 30 deadline to sell the bonds.

The provision requires that if the bonds are not sold, the hotel tax will revert to 6 percent.

The city plans to pay off the bonds with half the 8 percent hotel tax. If the tax reverts to 6 percent and the city continues to keep 4 percent (to pay off the convention center bonds) then only 2 percent, half the amount allocated to fund other city projects, will be available until the year 2008.

According to Hartman, the Board of Supervisors included the tax deadline because of pressure from San Francisco hotel owners.

"They (the hotel owners) were really worried that with all this controversial history of stoppage and litigation, they might get stuck with an 8 percent hotel tax and no convention center," Hartman said.

The hotel tax was raised last May by the Board of Supervisors. The law has since changed and, thanks to Proposition 13, any increase in taxes, such as the hotel tax, must be approved by two-thirds of the voters.

see page 4

A history of controversy

1953: San Francisco Board of Supervisors approves a large area south of Market St. as a possible redevelopment project under the federal urban renewal program.

1954: First plan for Yerba Buena Center (YBC) unveiled by Ben Swig, a prominent local businessman.

1955: City Planning Director Paul Oppermann opposes Swig Plan.

1961: San Francisco Mayor George Christopher asks San Francisco Redevelopment Agency (SFRA) to design another plan for the area, and SFRA applies for a federal urban survey for a larger area than that designated in Swig Plan.

1962: U.S. Housing and Home Financing Agency (HHFA) approves $600,000 planning grant for YBC.

1965: After receiving SFRA plans, HHFA announces it is setting aside $19.6 million as a YBC grant.

1966: San Francisco Planning Commission and Board of Supervisors approve SFRA plan.

1967: SFRA begins displacing residents and demolishing buildings.

1968-1969: San Francisco Neighborhood Legal Assistance Foundation (SFNLAF) petitions HUD about YBC residents' complaints that relocation offerings are poor and residents are mistreated by relocation workers.

1969: SFRA unveils design for YBC blocks. Tenants and Owners in Opposition to Redevelopment (TOOR) is formed by YBC residents. They file for federal injunction to stop relocation and demolition.

1970: Injunction granted for federal funding to be cut off on July 1, if SFRA does not satisfactorily revise its relocation plan. By November, injunction lifted as SFRA commits itself to building 1,500 to 1,800 low-rent housing units in San Francisco by November 1973.

1971: HUD files report stating such housing can not be made available and orders SFRA to file revised relocation plans.

1972: SFRA's revised plan rejected by HUD. Various conservation groups bring suits against SFRA for failure to comply with the California Environmental Quality Act and the National Environmental Policy Act. San Francisco Board of Supervisors pass SFRA's financing plan for YBC – $225 million in revenue bonds. Taxpayers' suit filed against SFRA for failure to comply with constitutional requirements for bond issues. SFRA proposes hotel tax increase, approved at one-half percent by San Francisco Board of Supervisors.

1973: Environmental suits dismissed by federal court. TOOR and SFRA sign agreement to drop TOOR's suit since SFRA agrees to develop the same amount of housing already promised for November 1973, by November 1974.

1978: Housing not completed. Groundbreaking ceremonies held. Chester Hartman files further suits against SFRA.

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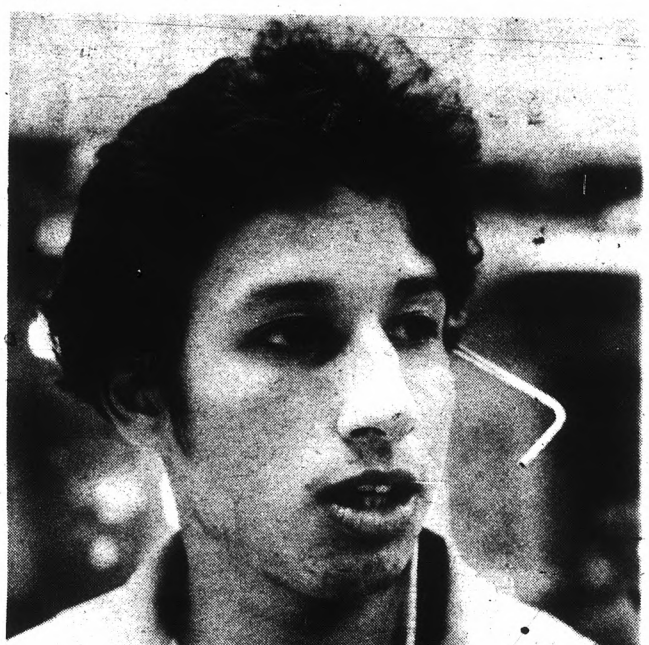
Bicycle messengers

Pumping fo



Little Joe Talmadge, above, is the mastermind at Special T. He knows where his messengers are at all times, even the one stuck in a Financial District traffic jam, below.

Text by Jeff Kaye
Photos by Lynn Carey

While most people in America think Karl Malden controls the Streets of San Francisco, the 9-to-5 inhabitants of the financial district know better. Bicycle messengers dominate the workday street scene.

Messengers are the prime movers of San Francisco's paperwork. In the hands of office workers, daily mountains of memos, reports and contracts gradually make their way from desk to desk. But in the over-sized baskets welded to each messenger's heavy-frame Schwinn, papers and packages are moved swiftly by the people who pride themselves on knowing every shortcut in the downtown area.

Their enemies are anything that moves, be it car, pedestrian or a light that changes to red at the most inopportune time. They travel the wrong way up one-way streets and ride on the sidewalks.

Debby Lang, a secretary in a Battery Street office, has met her share of messengers, and finds them somewhat less than endearing.

"They're weird, spaced-out rejects of society, uneducated, smelly, with dirty clothes, holes in their pants, buttons missing," she said.

Jonathan, a photo processor who works south of Market Street views them differently.

"They're indispensable to the businesses around here," he said. "Nothing happens without them."

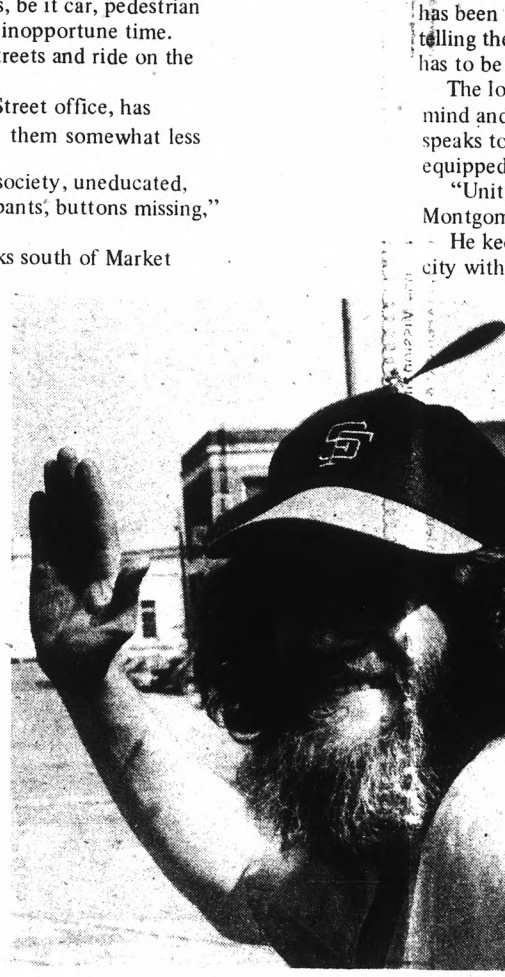
People become bicycle messengers

"We're American heroes.... If you pump, you pump."

because they're new to the area and it's one of the easiest jobs to obtain. Those who like working outdoors enjoy the freedom that goes with the job.

Bruce Hogan, 25, has been a messenger off and on for the past five years.

He works for Redco Delivery Service. but has worked for other messenger companies. Sometimes he wears his Redco uniform and sometimes he doesn't, but he always wears his SF Giants copter cap.



Bruce Hogan has peddled the city since

"I like working alone," he said, "no boss breathing down my neck, no heavy office trips. I work other jobs, like washing dishes, during the winter, because I don't like riding around in the rain. But I always come back to this."

Lynn, one of the few women messengers, has been on the job for five months. She likes her work because it's outside and she "couldn't handle a job like making sandwiches."

"The job has its good points," she said, "but it also has its drawbacks. A lot of the people who work in these offices treat you like you're a peon.

"Another bad thing about the job is pedestrians. They'll step out into the street right in front of you, even when they see you coming. Yesterday an old lady stepped in front of me while I was coming down California and I had to dump my bike to miss hitting her. When I got up off the street she started yelling at me to watch where I was going."

Special T Delivery on Fifth Street makes about 500 pick-ups and deliveries each day. The company's accountant says this makes them the third largest messenger service in the city.

The bright blue building that houses Special T is divided into two sections. The first section is a garage which contains bicycles and tires, pedals, baskets, and tools. The rest of the building is the company's office space.

Steve Talmadge, owner of Special T, has been in the messenger business for 17 years. He started out as a bicycle messenger for Aero Special Delivery and worked his way up

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g for profit

to general manager. Five years ago he decided he knew enough about the business to start his own messenger service and he opened Special T.

Today Talmadge employs 11 bike messengers, nine truck messengers, an accountant, two order takers and a dispatcher.

Special T does most of its business with account customers such as Pacific Telephone, Western Titles and Eastman Kodak, but they also pick up random orders. Customers are charged by the distance between the pick-up and delivery points.

"Business is really booming," said Little Joe Talmadge, the dispatcher and owner's son. "It's usually a little slow around this time of year, but we're doing great."

Little Joe, 18, has worked the last four years at his father's. He was a bicycle messenger for two years and has been dispatcher since then. He coordinates the messengers, telling them where they have to make a pick-up and where it has to be delivered.

The locations of the 20 messengers are mapped out in his mind and he quickly decides who gets each order. Little Joe speaks to the messengers through a headset; each messenger is equipped with a walkie-talkie.

"Unit Four are you clean? I've got a pick-up for you on Montgomery. 10-4."

He keeps this pace up all day, moving messengers around the city with the finesse of a seasoned traffic cop. His energy comes from peanut butter-flavored health bars. Four cases are stacked against the wall next to him.

ddled the city since age 20.

Special T messengers are paid by commission: They receive 50 percent of the charge for each pick-up and delivery they make.

Joey Messanella, 23, is one of Special T's fastest messengers. He moved to San Francisco from Philadelphia three months ago and he talks like Rocky.

"It's not a bad job," Messanella said at the corner of Washington and Montgomery. "It's not a great job, but it's not bad. The money's not bad, and I meet a lot of women that work in the offices. My boss is all right, too. He knows what it's like to ride a bicycle around the city.

By 9:30 a.m. Massenella had made pick-ups on Montgomery, Sansome, Brannan and Front. Between stops he pedals his bike with an exuberance a person on an hourly wage could never understand. Neither traffic nor traffic laws slow him down.

"I get tickets," he said, "but I usually just throw them away. If I paid them all, I wouldn't have any money."

After work on Friday, payday, Messanella sat in Day's bar on Ellis Street building a collection of long-necked Budweiser bottles with two of his co-workers.

"We're American heroes," said Ben from his stool at the end of the bar. "We don't have to buy the right clothes or read the right magazines. If you pump, you pump. That's all there is."

The third messenger at the bar, Michael, quickly agreed, adding, "It's like a sociology class out there except we learn more than we could sitting in a classroom. We meet all kinds of people. Nobody knows this city like we do."

Messanella turned away from his companions and shook his head. "These guys don't know what the hell they're talking about. You can't get anywhere in this job. I worked my ass off all week and I hardly made enough to live on. We're not heroes.

"I've got to find something else, but I don't know what. I can't go back home. That bores me to death. I sing and play the guitar. Maybe I should do something with that. Maybe I'll go to Miami. You can make a lot of money there.

"All I know is I think I'm at the end of the road in San Francisco."

Joey Messanella, above, calls the dispatcher between pick-ups. Below, a messenger checks his schedule before making deliveries to the Bank of America World Headquarters Building.

CENTERFOLD PAGE 3

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Yerba Buena

from page 1

"They've boxed themselves in. If for any reason the litigation delays the sale of bonds beyond next June 30 they are just totally blown out of the water," Hartman said. He doubts San Franciscans would approve such a tax increase.

Then what could the city do to finance its tremendous undertaking? There are various costly possibilities.

One solution would be to set aside 2 percent of the hotel tax for 60 years (until the year 2038) instead of 4 percent for 30 years to pay off the bonds. It may be difficult, however, to find buyers for a bond that will not mature for 60 years.

Another possibility would be for the Board of Supervisors to ask the Redevelopment Agency to sell the ten-acre parcel of land to the private sector, the major beneficiary of a convention center, and let them build it. This seems unlikely since the city does not want to give up its choice cut of downtown land.

Another solution might be to go ahead and save 4 percent of the 6 percent hotel tax and cut down, or eliminate funding previously dependent on hotel tax money. This could mean city services, such as Muni, would have to increase prices or fares.

Elected city officials, however, might decide the political risks of cutting services to finance a convention center for visitors are too great. It might raise the ire of voters.

Despite all these possibilities and the favorable publicity the proposed convention center has spawned in local media, few San Franciscans are aware of any Yerba Buena controversy.

Faculty and students from SF State's Urban Studies Program conducted a random telephone survey in 1976 to determine public attitudes toward the convention center. The study, conducted by 40 students, measured the sentiments of 670 San Francisco residents.

The survey revealed that 27 percent of those contacted had never heard of the convention center project. Of the 73 percent who had heard of it, the study determined that "detailed knowledge of the project was not widespread."

The study went on to state:

* Only one-third knew where the convention center would be located.

* Only 2 percent knew more than 7,000 jobs existed in the area, before the previous occupying companies were displaced.

* Of those surveyed, two-thirds never heard of the lawsuits involving the center.

* Thirty-nine percent thought the convention center was a "good idea," 38 percent did not, and 23 percent had mixed feelings.

Hartman, one of the SF State survey sponsors, is responsible, either directly or indirectly, for most of the current litigation surrounding the convention center.

Seated by the window of his Noe Valley victorian, Hartman explained his personal, rather than the legal reasons, for opposing the convention center.

"We've been very consistent in our concern for housing and jobs. It's really hard to make a case that people like us don't care about the future of the city. We care very much about the city. We care about being ripped-off, too," Hartman said.

Are San Franciscans being ripped-off? Does Hartman have grounds for his suits, or is he just an obstructionist?

If there were simple answers to these questions, they have been lost in the volumes of reports and compiled data gathered since the idea of a convention center surfaced in 1953. From the material, anyone can extract data and support for any position.

The estimated costs for building the convention center illustrate how data may vary, causing these figures to differ by millions of dollars.

Roger Boas, chief administrative officer of San Francisco, predicts it will cost an estimated $100 million to build the center, which includes "appropriate allowances for inflation and contingencies."

According to Boas, that breaks down to:

* $6 million to purchase the land.

* $12 million to design the building and administer the entire process.

* $82 million to build the convention center.

Hartman, however, charges that Boas and the Redevelopment Agency have "constantly mislead the supervisors and public with talk of the $100 million convention center."

Hartman has his own estimates of how much the convention center will cost, figures based on reports from the Environmental Impact Report which shows:

* $234.5 million will be spent on bond repayments.

* $32 to $48 million will be lost by operating the center, if the losses incurred by Brooks Hall and Civic Auditorium, now used for conventions, are included.

* $12 million will be spent over the next 30 years for advertising and promotional expenses.

* $8 to $11 million is earmarked for developing other public areas that will service the convention center.

The total of Hartman's convention center ranges between $286.5 and half a billion dollars.

The cost of the Boas convention center is $100 million – the two men's estimates differ by almost $200 million.

Hartman gives a sense of confidence about his position and a knowledge of the history of litigation surrounding the Yerba Buena project.

"History is on our side. Every major suit has either won or the city has settled, which is a form of winning," said Hartman.

One of Hartman's contentions is that the city will offer a bond without a vote of the people, a violation of the California Constitution.

"...why the hell should we pay for private benefits?"

Defenders of the convention center claim 1976's Proposition S met the requirements of the state constitution. When Proposition S appeared on the ballot it read:

DECLARATION OF POLICY: Shall the City construct a convention exhibit hall at Yerba Buena Center, using a 4% hotel room tax to finance lease revenue bonds, underground if financially feasible, otherwise above-ground?

Hartman's lawsuit contends that Proposition S was only an advisory vote rather than public approval of a bond issue. He says the costs of building the convention center have risen $86 million since the 1976 proposition appeared on the ballot; therefore, the vote is no longer binding.

"Ever since 1966 (when the convention center was officially proposed) the device they've used was 'Don't go to the voters, because they'll never approve such a large bond issue,'" Hartman contends.

The second legal argument is that the city has not formally amended the 1966 redevelopment plan for the area, which Hartman believes is necessary since current convention center plans are quite different from the one proposed in 1966.

Hartman claims supporters of the convention center want to amend the plans only after the convention center has been completed. It would be done this way, according to Hartman, because there is no way to challenge plans for a project after it has already been built.

He thinks public money would be better spent elsewhere. "All the economic studies are very shaky about the new business it will bring to San Francisco," Hartman said.

"There's no doubt they can fill the center by taking away business from Brook's Hall, the Civic Auditorium, the Cow Palace and hotels. But that's not new business, it's just shifting old business," Hartman said.

If there are benefits to a new convention center, according to Hartman, almost all of them would go to the private sector. "Hotels, restaurants and airlines would benefit, so why the hell should we pay public money for private benefits?" Hartman questioned.

One reason the court will have to decide the arguments is because little support for Hartman's cause has been found on the Board of Supervisors. "Harvey Milk is the only one on the board who's really sympathetic. They'd be more sympathetic if they thought there were options," Hartman said.

Hartman charges the Board of Supervisors has developed a "steamroller mentality of something's got to happen down there or all their studies and costs would go down the drain."

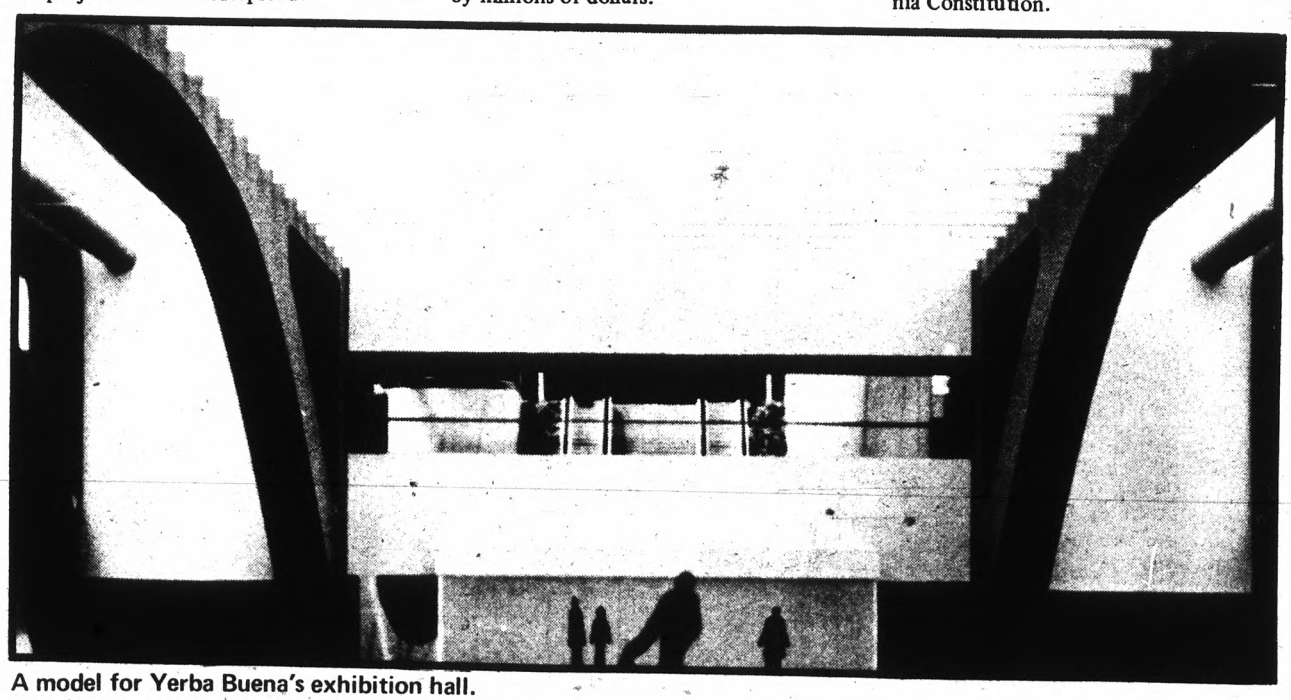
If the center is not built, Hartman proposes another project for the area already cleared.

He supports a San Francisco version of Tivoli Gardens, a game and pleasure park located in Copenhagen, Denmark. Such a project has been proposed, and is currently planned for the top of the convention center.

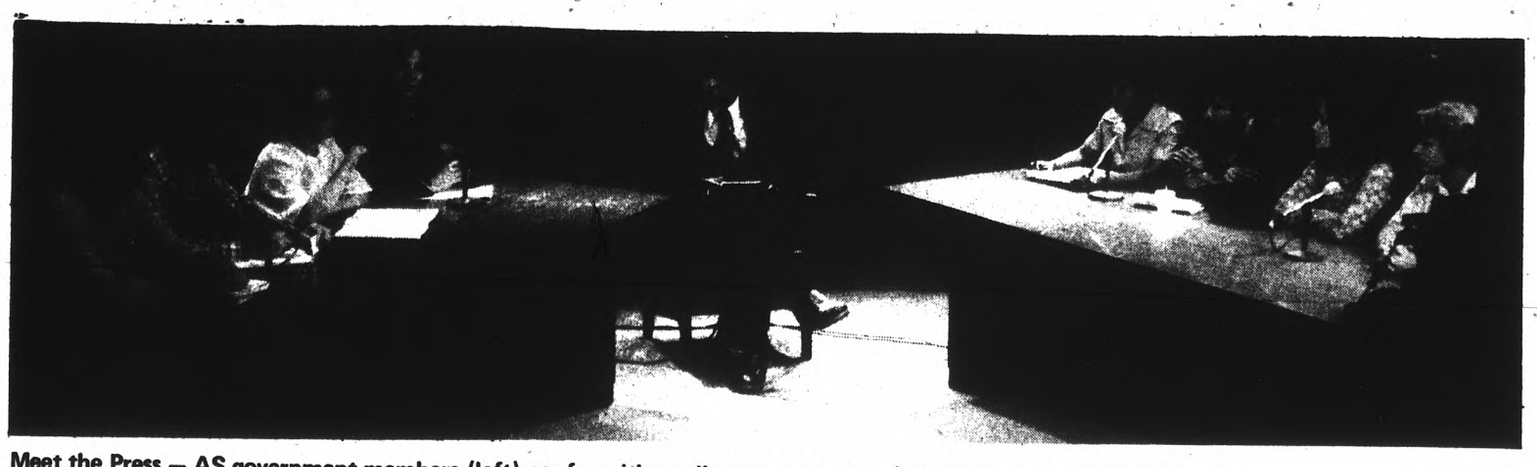
Hartman thinks that more than 1,600 permanent jobs would be created by Tivoli Gardens in San Francisco, and the city would profit by at least $2 million, possibly up to $6 million, a year.

Despite his personal and professional concerns about the impacts of the convention center, and all the unpaid hours he has spent trying to defeat the project, Hartman will finally drop the issue if his two lawsuits are lost at a higher court.

"If we lose our lawsuit, we lose our lawsuit, that's the end of it. We're not going to throw ourselves in front of bulldozers if we lose."



A model for Yerba Buena's exhibition hall.



Meet the Press — AS government members (left) confer with media representatives (right). Photo by Mark Richards.

TVC eye narrows its focus

by Glenn Ow

The campus television station, TVC, revamped its news show this semester to compete with the two SF State student newspapers.

The new show, "San Francisco State Report," made its debut Monday with a live telecast of a student government press conference.

The program will only cover SF State events and emphasizes journalism rather than the taped production, says new TVC Director Todd Hanks.

The report may be seen every day at noon on campus channel three on the Student Union Depot's monitor or a set in the Union's north tower.

In previous semesters, the show, "TVC News," reported local, national and international news as well as campus events.

"Although the attempts were good, the results often were frivolous," Ruth Spencer, TVC copy editor said.

Both Spencer and Hanks claim the narrow focus of this semester's show will attract a new group of viewers. The Monday show is 15 minutes long. Tuesday through Friday the show runs five to seven minutes.

Hanks said he hopes "the immediacy of daily television" will give his show an advantage over the weekly campus newspapers.

Chuck Burwell, the program's assistant news director, added, "There's only so much you can do with the printed word and a still camera."

TVC plans eventually to expand service to the dormitories and campus buildings with the use of mobile monitors. Begun as a student-run broadcast laboratory in 1970, TVC was funded by both the Associated Students and Broadcast Communication Arts Department until this semester. TVC representatives are now negotiating with the AS for all the program's funding.

"San Francisco State Report" is the effort of the Broadcasting Communications Arts 595 class.

Free campus VD checkups

Every half hour someone in San Francisco catches a venereal disease. The City's own Department of Public Health statistics rate it as VD capital of the United States.

The pandemic shows no sign of relenting. Last week, 342 cases of gonorrhea and 32 cases of syphilis were reported in San Francisco. This year to date: 11,759 cases of gonorrhea and 1,073 cases of syphilis.

Rick Kornowicz of SF State's student health services said many students are afraid to go to the campus Health Center for a free checkup. He also said they shouldn't be.

"No one has access to the student's medical files without the signature of the student," he said.

Eighty-one cases of VD were reported here last year. Kornowicz said most students seem to know the symptoms and cures for VD, but "often there is no indication when one has it."

Students may make appointments at the Health Center in person or by calling 469-1719. If a case is found, the student is referred to a public VD clinic at 250 Fourth St. in San Francisco.

Kornowicz said it would be duplication of effort to treat patients on campus. "We would have to hire additional staff and purchase much more expensive equipment. The city clinic is established and meets all of our needs."

The Fourth Street clinic sees 300 to 400 people seeking free checkups every day.

Duane Oshinomi of the clinic believes lack of education is part of the reason for VD's rapid spread in recent years.

"We suggest that a sexually active person come in about once every three months," he said. By getting regular checkups, it is very easy to perform treatment."

The San Francisco clinic is open Monday and Thursday from 9:30 a.m. until 6 p.m. and Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday from 8 a.m. until 4 p.m. The phone number is 558-3804.

Going is rough for car poolers

Commuting students eager to avoid parking hassles and traveling expense via car pooling have found the going tough this semester at SF State.

The administration dropped the computerized ride service it sponsored last semester, leaving hundreds of students literally scrambling for transportation to college.

Those with the most urgent need sought out the "ride board," a co-operative, student-run pooling venture located in the basement of the Student Union.

Students requesting and offering rides hang different-colored tags on pegs, listing their name, phone number and commute. A survey taken last week showed more than 100 students were looking for Bay Area transportation. Most were frustrated.

"Not enough people know about the ride board," said student Jan Pfeiffer. "It's a neglected service. A lot of people are asking for rides but few people are giving them."

Patty Ebinger of Pacifica said she has received only one call from the card she put on the commute board pleading for a ride.

"I'm thinking of taking my card down. There's a bus (to college), but it takes a while," she added.

Other students have had similar experiences trying in vain to car pool at SF State. "I commuted for a little while," said one student, "but I've had no response to the card I've had up for about a week now."

The idea for the commute board came from Samantha Graff, former assistant director of the Student Union. Originally located inside the old Student Activities office, the board has been at the Union since it opened in fall 1975.

About a year ago, Graff said a commercial ride service took down the names of the car poolers and tried to sell students their services. That was stopped, according to Graff, because the business was "misusing the board."

Campus cops in new office

The campus police moved their headquarters last Thursday from the Corporation Yard to Modulux 1 behind the Arts and Industry building.

According to Lt. Paul Forster, the office will be "completely settled" in a couple weeks. The emergency police number is still 469-2222.

Flags today at half-mast

Flags are at half-mast at SF State and other state buildings today in the final day of the 72-hour commemoration of the San Diego airline disaster.

Gov. Jerry Brown ordered the commemoration Monday. More than 150 people lost their lives in the crash of a PSA 727 and a light plane.

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September 1978

WHY JOHNNY CAN'T RUN, SWIM, PULL, DIG, SLITHER, ETC.
A Fairytale for the Young at Mind
by Jason Alexander

This "strange little book" is being introduced to Bay Area intellectuals in an underground edition.

It is unabashedly and unreservedly a book of ideas. Being neither arcane nor *outré* it will, in the natural course of events, filter through the market place to the common man, but at introduction it is directed to those primarily concerned with ideas.

WHY JOHNNY CAN'T RUN, SWIM, PULL, DIG, SLITHER, ETC. makes *Jonathan Livingston Seagull* look like the little choo-choo train that could. In an age when *Seagull* passes for philosophy Johnny Eagle marks a turning point. The readers of future years will enjoy the story, take pleasure in the philosophy, and apply it to their lives without experiencing the cultural shock of confronting blatant rationality. To this year's reader belongs the excitement of discovery.

Understand, *WHY JOHNNY CAN'T...* will not be well received in the educational establishment—that's why this is an underground edition. It is addressed to the new intellectual. If it is addressed to you, pick it up, look at it, prepare to be provoked, and to enjoy.

At the campus bookstore; at the best off-campus bookstores; or from the publisher.

Please send _____copy/copies of WHY JOHNNY CAN'T RUN, SWIM, PULL, DIG, SLITHER, ETC. by Jason Alexander, at $5.95 plus $.50 for postage and handling (California residents, please add appropriate sales tax).
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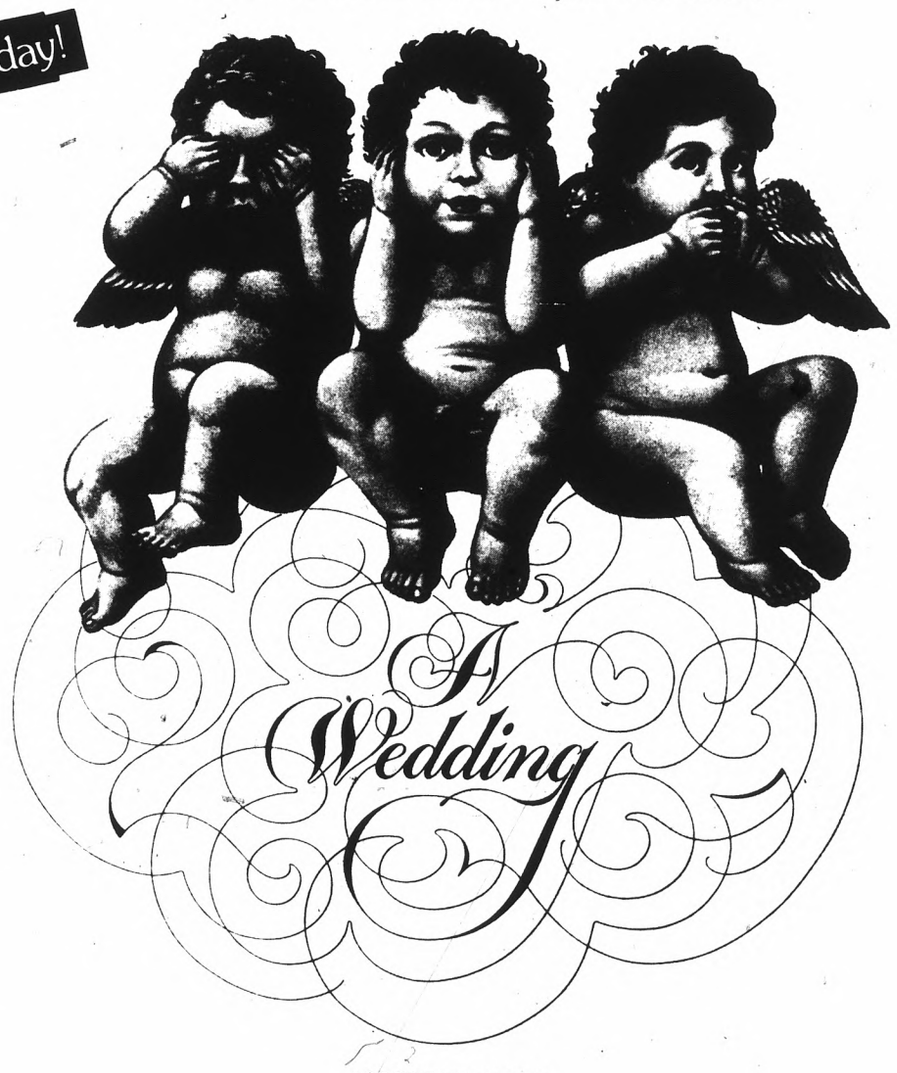

A Wedding

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"A WEDDING"
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MIA FARROW VITTORIO GASSMAN LILLIAN GISH LAUREN HUTTON
VIVECA LINDFORS PAT McCORMICK DINA MERRILL NINA VAN PALLANDT
(AND 32 ASSORTED FRIENDS, RELATIVES, AND UNEXPECTED ARRIVALS)
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER TOMMY THOMPSON
PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY ROBERT ALTMAN
SCREENPLAY BY JOHN CONSIDINE PATRICIA RESNICK ALLAN NICHOLLS ROBERT ALTMAN
STORY BY ROBERT ALTMAN & JOHN CONSIDINE
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arts

GINSBERG

by Michael Molenda

Poets Allen Ginsberg and Peter Orlovsky will read today in the Student Union Plaza at noon. The reading is presented by SF State's Poetry Center and the Associated Students.

I saw one of the best minds of a not-too-distant generation
sitting quietly on the tracks, resisting Moloch.

Compassion and serenity and OM-M-M in a land silently
ravaged by turbines of destruction – "The
machinery of night" with new meaning and
invisible, deadly form.

"I am the establishment," cries A.G., 52-years-old
and still untrusted by the aura of convention.
"I am America," he says. "I put my queer
shoulder to the wheel. I am America."

Thousands upon thousands of faceless blue-collar
righteous church-going consumer amoeba
wretch in disgrace at the words.

Allen Ginsberg. Whose poem "Howl," hammered by the gavel
of censorship in 1957, words acquitted,
aided and abetted by Ruth Witt Diamant of SF State's
Poetry Center, and cooled by the airs of time,
STILL cannot be published in newspapers or
spoken on public air.

Whose views on gay love, anti-sexism, pacifism, and reaching
spiritual heights, piled blasphemy upon blasphemy
upon the naive 50s, though the words flowed
from a human heart, full of compassion and truth.

Whose views on these subjects are no longer revolutionary,
but remain ever-so-true, in a society that can still
spawn a Briggs and a Bryant and wars and
racismsexismintolerance and ugliness.

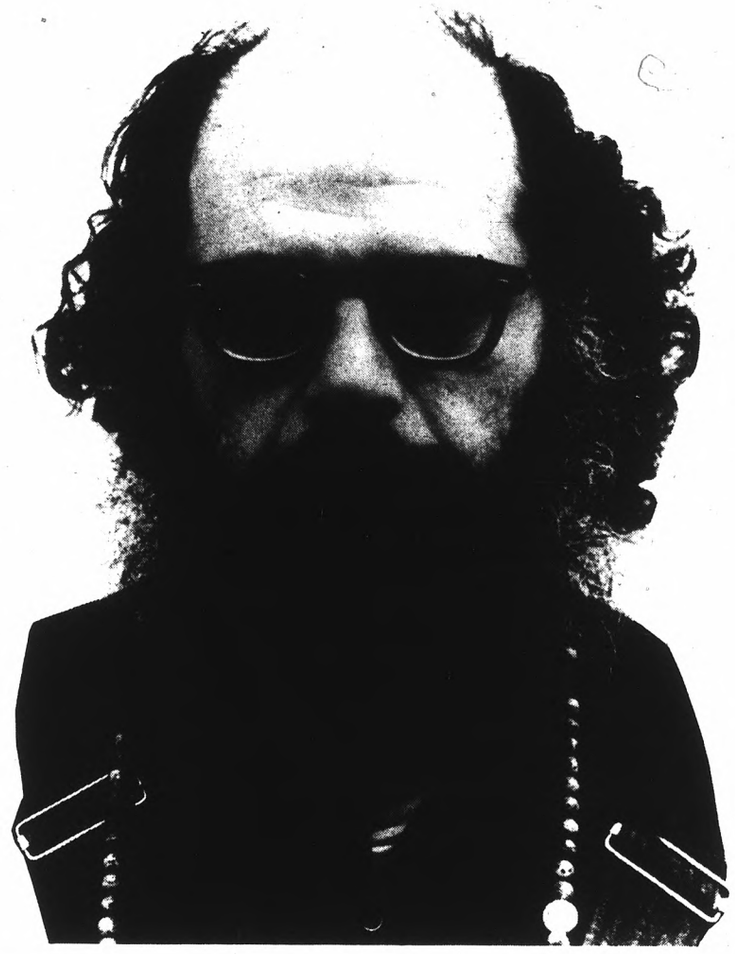
Who toiled for an American muse, an American poetry, and
found inspiration in the verses of Whitman and
Williams.

Whose inspiration became vision and action, in turn
inspiring Dylans and Lenins and me's and you's.

Who is "involved in" rather than "attached to" the
world. For involved is "being in the middle of,
with complete awareness and active," while
attached is to be "neurotically self-centered
in the activity."

Who does not revise, but creates. Who does not fear the muse,
no matter what society may label as sickness.

Allen Ginsberg. Who is indeed America's greatest living
poet. Allen Ginsberg. Who is a human being.



Here comes another review of 'Interiors'

by David Hern

Woody Allen's first non-comedy film, "Interiors" will no doubt be the favorite cocktail party subject for the next few months.

"Interiors" is the new catharsis for the intellectual community. It is the intricate story of Eve, a neurotic woman (played by Geraldine Page) and her involvement with her three daughters, Renata, Flyn and Joey (played by Diane Keaton, Kristin Griffith and Marybeth Hurt, respectively). It details her role in forming their personalities and their eventual influence on her own self-esteem.

The intricacies of these relationships are highlighted by the characters of the daughters' boyfriends and lovers (Richard Jordan, Sam Waterston) and by their patient, business-minded father (E.G. Marshall).

The mother, Eve is an interior decorator obsessed with concepts of order and unity. She has a particular fondness for whites and greys.

The blandness in her use of lines, squares, borders and other symbolic restrictions lays the framework for this story of a woman's life of coldness which she passes onto her daughters.

However, Allen's images are intriguing and visually spellbinding as long as they stay within the confines of the story. This was never the case with Woody Allen before. Consider his previous films:

"Love and Death" was a brilliantly satiric interpretation of overly ponderous Russian novels. It had a feel of history about it.

"Sleeper" was a bitter and hilarious indictment of both polarities of political thought – repression and fanaticism.

And of course, "Annie Hall," though structurally a film about a specific relationship, illustrated the pains involved in almost all relationships.

The implications of all these films stepped far beyond their character scenarios.

Yet, the existential agonies and personal fears explored in "Interiors" are exclusively those of the characters, or rather of Allen's psyche. His scope appears to have shrunken tenfold.

In a way, these personal revelations are slightly embarrassing. How much of the tears behind the clown's mask should we be allowed to see? And to what degree will these revelations affect our understanding, or more importantly, our enjoyment of the artist's work?

Due to the believability and conviction of "Interiors" characters, it is extremely difficult to discern what modes of behavior Allen sees as piteous, noble, or a combination of both (or even if he intends to editorialize at all). In his previous films, Allen has never shied away from the didactic, so his sudden acceptance for ambiguity is a mystery

Allen's influence by Swedish Director Ingmar Bergman is downright blatant. Many of the film's images are direct reproductions of frames from Bergman's "Persona" and "Face to Face." Influence is one thing, plagiarism is another. Woody Allen, who remains one of the last true originals, is the last person one would ever suspect of this practice.

Wonders never cease. And I have a feeling that neither will discussion of "Interiors."

The film is currently showing at the Regency I in San Francisco and other Bay Area locations.

Bullets ...

Folk festival

Believe it or not, the average human can get a "freebie" every now and then.

The Fourth Annual Western Regional Folk Festival is a three-day celebration of California's diverse musical heritage. And it's free!

The dates are Oct. 7, 8 and 9. The place is Fort Barry/Cronkite in Sausalito. Grounds open at 11 a.m. and the music begins at noon and lasts until 7 p.m.

Pets on leashes will be allowed at the festival and the promoters suggest bringing blankets, picnic baskets, water, families and friends. Food will be available on the grounds.

For more information call 556-0560.

Poetry contest

The National Poetry Press is publishing a college poetry review, in which university students may display their verses.

There are no limitations on form or theme, but the judges prefer shorter works due to space limitations.

Each poem must be typed or printed on a separate sheet and must bear the name and home address of the student, as well as the college address.

The deadline is Nov. 5, 1978. Send manuscripts to: Office of the Press/ National Poetry Press, Box 218, Agoura, CA 91301.

Fiction contest

Men and women between the ages of 18 and 28, who have not published fiction in a magazine with a circulation greater than 25,000 are eligible to enter Redbook's Young Writer's Contest.

The national fiction contest, in its third year, offers a first prize of $1,500 and publication in *Redbook* magazine.

Entry manuscripts must be typed, double-spaced, on one side of white 8½ x 11 inch paper, with no more than 25 lines to a page. The story may not exceed 20 pages, and each author can enter only one story.

Send entries to: *Redbook's* Third Young Writer's Contest, Box 3-F, 230 Park Avenue, New York, NY 10017. Deadline is Dec. 31.

Paramount tours

Deco out! Oakland's fabulous Paramount Theatre is offering a series of public tours through its hallowed halls.

The next tour date is at 2 p.m. on Monday, Oct. 2. The address of the Paramount is 2025 Broadway, Oakland, but the tours meet at the box office entrance on 21st Street.

Admission is $1, and cameras are permitted. For more information call 893-2300.

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Thurs., Fri.—Sept. 28, 29:
"TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT"
"THE BIG SLEEP"
Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall
"THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE"
John Garfield, Lana Turner
"Have": ONCE ONLY at 6:50 "Sleep": ONCE ONLY at 8:40 "Postman": ONCE 10:40

Sat., Sun.,—Sept. 30,Oct.1 & Tues.—Oct. 3:
"THE TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE"
Humphrey Bogart, Walter Huston, Tim Holt
"THE GREAT ESCAPE"
Steve McQueen, James Garner
Sat. & Sun.: "Treasure": 2:45, 8:10
"Excape": 5:05, 10:20
Tues.: "Treasure": 7:30
"Excape": 9:45

Weds., Thurs., Fri.—Oct. 4, 5, 6
"THE GODFATHER"
Marlon Brando, Diane Keaton, James Caan
"GODFATHER, Part II"
Al Pachino, Robert DeNiro, Diane Keaton
"Godfather": 6:30/"Godfather II": 9:30

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Former SF State student

Photo by Lynn Carey

Photo by Peter Rosen

A mad dive to fame (without a chute)

by Carol Craig

It was Itzhak Volansky's night.

He said he won a song contest while wearing parachute equipment and goggles. He called himself "wild and crazy," and thought someone should interview him.

Through his pink and white gauze curtains over the glass front door stood the hazy outline of music stand and microphone. Was Volansky really going to sing?

Short, fragile Volansky opened the door. He looked up and smiled between his beard and his moustache. His glasses reflected the street light and his hair looked like a puff of brown fog.

He asked if I were thirsty, and while I expected tea or lemonade, I got a cupful of tap water. It may have stood on the windowsill five days.

Volansky, 28, had printed up his own press release:

"A previous keyboard player with a local rock group, Roll Over Alice Band, now known as Up In The Air, he was the only Bay Area songwriter to win the Fifth Festival of New Music in Hollywood last Aug. 12."

He wrote the music and lyrics to "Parachute (My Parachute Won't Open)" which won him recognition and $25.

He was one of 12 top winners chosen from 800 entrants in the annual competition run by Songwriters Resources and Services (SRS), centered in Hollywood.

The SRS advisory board includes persons linked with the music industry, like singer Pete Seeger, poet Rod McKuen, and composer Henry Mancini.

Volansky rented a parachute outfit to wear during his performance before an audience of 2,000.

"I always knew I was going to be an overnight star, but I just didn't know which night," he said.

Born and raised in Israel, Volansky and his family moved to San Jose, California in 1960.

From San Jose they migrated to San Francisco, where he began piano lessons for 75 cents an hour.

"Most kids were paying $1.50 an hour; I guess my teacher wasn't that good," he sighed.

Graduating from SF State in 1976, with a degree in psychology, Volansky also studied music and the humanities.

Volansky said he is a "groupie" for the entire music industry – business, public relations, record pressing, writing and singing.

He didn't sing his song for me, but played a tape instead.

"I appear calm now, but if you hear the tape and try to visualize me in my parachute . . . "

Deadpan humor was its strong point, along with a cute, surprising end. His voice was mild, like Cat Stevens with a Hebrew accent.

He giggled at some of his lyrics and watched my face intently, waiting for me to laugh too.

The song took four years to write.

"Basically I'm lazy . . . and I like to fantasize. It takes all your time to be lazy," said Volansky.

He recieved the parachute inspiration "while looking at a photo in the *Chronicle* of a guy zooming down from an airplane.

"I decided he must be going through some stress," he said.

Since the song contest, Volansky has been approached by a nightclub, a disc jockey and an independent film maker for access to his song.

He has accepted none of the offers, but he's thinking of quitting his filing job at Central Corporation Trust in San Francisco and moving to Los Angeles.

"It's the easiest place to break into the music world," said Volansky.

One of Volansky's last statements was:

"Aren't you going to ask me if I've ever parachuted?!

"I never have. I understand it's the safest sport now – only 14 people died doing it last year – but, hell if I'm going to try it."

Wittich brings Brecht show to SF State

by Jay Derrah

German actress and singer Ina Wittich sang a repertoire of Bertolt Brecht's songs to an audience of about 70 SF State students and faculty on campus yesterday.

She sang four songs in German "because I want the people to feel the language." The rest she sang in English in a new translation. The free program was sponsored by the German Club.

Wittich, who has been in San Francisco a year studying English and singing, realized that most Americans know Brecht only through his musical "The Three Penny Opera" and its hit song, "Mack the Knife." She decided to do a program that would represent a variety of his work.

Brecht, a German composer and poet, was exiled by the Nazis before World War II. He settled in Hollywood. He later declared himself a Marxist and was investigated by the House Un-American Activities Committee.

"I want to show America what Brecht really was," says Wittich. "With Brecht, it is his words that are most important, not his music. He is a very hard and pessimistic person with what he is saying – it is not the kind of words Americans like to hear."

Brecht's songs range from the satirical "Moon of Alabama," which The Doors recorded, to the lullabye-like "Song of the Little Wind," to the sad and biting "Abortion is Illegal."

Wittich said "it is really amazing and sad what Brecht loses in translation. I had to go to London to see John Willett, one of the world's foremost translators of Brecht, to get the translations of all the lyrics that I wanted."

Wittich also does the Brecht program that premiered August 25 in Studio B at the American Conservatory Theatre here. She said, "I wanted to bring over from Germany some of my culture. I didn't want to do something that Americans can do better."

Born and educated in West Berlin, Wittich will go back there in a week to work on her show. After polishing and adding more Brecht songs, she hopes to return to California in April for a tour of college campuses.

Besides the American Conservatory Theatre, Wittich has performed her songs at the Julian Theatre and Fort Mason in San Francisco, and at the Actor's Reportory theatre in San Jose.

The German Club is planning to organize a trip to the Marin Octoberfest, at the Marin County Fairgrounds on October 21. People interested in joining the club should contact David Marshall at 751-2170.

Photo by Michael Simon

Ina Wittich

Flanagan brilliant in one-woman play

by Coleen Crampton

Fionnula Flanagan is triumphan her characterization of the six women in James Joyce's life ("James Joyce's Women") which opened Friday night at Marine's Memorial Theatre.

Flanagan wrote and edited the play which was staged by Burgess Meredith.

Garrett O'Connor, Miss Flanagan's husband (and associate clinical professor of psychiatry at UCLA), plays the harmonica in most scenes as Flanagan focuses much of her dialogue towards him.

Flanagan enacted a brief first sequence as Harriet Weaver Shaw, a literary reviewer and editor reminiscing about Paris of 1920 when Joyce was writing "Finnegan's Wake."

This scene is an appropriate introduction to one of the characters in "Finnegan's Wake," the washerwoman. Flanagan as the washerwoman retells a lengthy excerpt from the book in which she gossips about the people who employ her.

Unfortunately, Flanagan speaks with a thick and slangy brogue, making it a challenge to understand the anecdotes and vivid descriptions, some of which are riotous.

Nora Barnacle Joyce, wife of James and the last character in act one, was the most enjoyable character in the play. Flanagan recreates an interview with her one month before her death. O'Connor becomes the interviewer.

Flanagan makes you feel as if you're old friends with this woman who has had a hard life, yet she projects the frailities of, and is believable as, an elderly woman.

Nora is both happy and sad as she describes the poverty, the illnesses, the quarrels and the love in the life she shared with Joyce.

Unaccustomed to any attention directed toward her, Nora tells about the time she and a friend dressed up as men with caps and painted moustaches. They then stood at a streetpost whistling at girls, their only motivation being they wanted to prove they too could go out at night, even though it was forbidden for women to do so in 1903.

Whether you're a James Joyce fan or not, this is a brilliant play – brilliantly performed by Fionnula Flanagan.

by David Israels

"The Elocution of Benjamin Franklin." Alcazar Theatre, 650 Geary Street, San Francisco. For information call 775-7100.

Somebody did a number on the Alacazar Theatre.

The flocked wallpaper, ceiling, seats and most of the theater's set are drenched in crimson and red. It feels as though you're inside a slit wrist and perhaps you are.

Maybe red is what we're supposed to see after the ending of "The Elocution of Benjamin Franklin," subtitled "not a (sic) historical play."

Robert O'Brien, played by Gordon Chater, who also creates the presence of the 18 other characters in this one-man show, is doomed. After all, he's quite an oddity – a lonely transvestite, homosexual and speech and drama teacher ("boys who stutter, that's my speciality").

During the day, O'Brien tries his best to help cure the assorted problems of his lazy speech-strangled students.

"People go through life being crippled by just six inches of the body," he says.

One day he gets a call from the pushy Mrs. Franklin, whose son Ben has problems with his P's and T's. Of Mrs. Franklin O'Brien wonders, "What sort of person would you have to be to call your son Benjamin? A fuckwit," he answers and while talking to a milky-white bust of William Shakespeare, he remarks, "God there are some weird people in this world."

At night O'Brien joins the weird people as he indulges in some of his favorite fantasies. He caresses his naked tub-shaped torso with black leather gloves as he coos to a poster of Mick Jagger, "Come on Mick, I'm horny."

In another hilarious sequence, he attacks an imagined bunker outside his window while crawling on the floor in pink slip and bra. Sometimes, he spends a quiet evening with Bruce, O'Brien's partner in petticoats, a daytime stockbroker, husband and father.

Ben becomes the instrument through which O'Brien's daytime and night time worlds converge. The precocious boy has not only had an affair with his Mum's 16-year-old male hairdresser, but also tries seducing O'Brien. However, O'Brien is "strictly a fantasy man," frightfully aware of the dangers of sleeping with his students.

"Straights hate," he reminds Ben.

But O'Brien ends up falling in love with Ben, telling Bruce "this kid could be my saviour."

Plays and novels with a homosexual subject used to conclude with the homosexual's guilt leading to retribution, often through a slashed wrist. It was the inevitability of cliche – everybody knew the queer had to die in the end, just as the cowboy and his girl galloped off into a setting sun. "Elocution" puts a spin on the old stereotype.

For no apparent plot reason – except for passing reference to a nosy neighbor – O'Brien's flat is raided by the police. O'Brien, in a flaming organdy house-coat and high heels, fires a harmless blast off his shotgun while attempting to burn porno pictures of Ben, which the boy had given to O'Brien.

The cops nab the innoxious transvestite who is quickly dubbed by the press the "Transvestite Terror of Double Bay." O'Brien becomes the victim of an intolerant society and of double-dealing government officials. He's consigned to an asylum where after eight years it becomes harder to convince himself he's not insane.

The play ends with O'Brien clutching his bust of Shakespeare as his life fades away. Another faggot bites the dust.

To some, this transformation of the homosexual from pervert to martyr may seem enlightened and progressive. But in the end it adds up to the same thing: the homosexual pays for his perversity, though we are supposed to be assuaged by the unfairness of O'Brien's punishment. It's an attempt at a politically "correct" ending tacked on to an otherwise entertaining and often funny show.

Chater's performance is quite an accomplishment. From the moment he walks on stage naked – looking like an up-ended blimp on stilts – he is exceptional at creating the different levels of fantasy in the play.

Chater conjures up O'Brien, Ben, Bruce and all the lisping stuttering students, while at the same time fabricating O'Brien's world of make believe.

Ironically, Chater presents O'Brien at his most masculine when O'Brien plays dress-up. The heavy weight of his gut might invoke a construction worker except for the bra sitting atop his bulging belly. It is with that image – undercutting accepted notions of masculinity and feminity – that the play becomes refreshing.

It's a shame Steve J. Spears, the play's author, felt it necessary to dampen the play's spirit with all his dewey-eyed hooey about oppression and punishment. Before "Elocution" began the PA system played "You can't always get what you want," perhaps that's as good a coda for this show as any.

Williams' 'Nightingale' presented

"The Eccentricities of a Nightingale," a play by Tennessee Williams, is scheduled for a five-day run at SF State's Little Theatre. The show begins Tuesday and will run through Oct. 7. Curtain time is 8 p.m.

Tickets are $3.50 and $3 for the public, with half-price tickets available for students, seniors and SFSU Alumni Association members. For info and reservations, call 585-7174.

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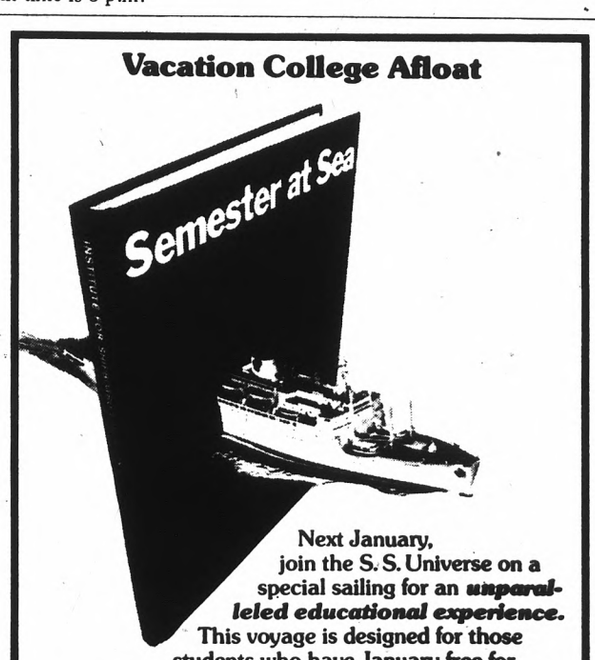

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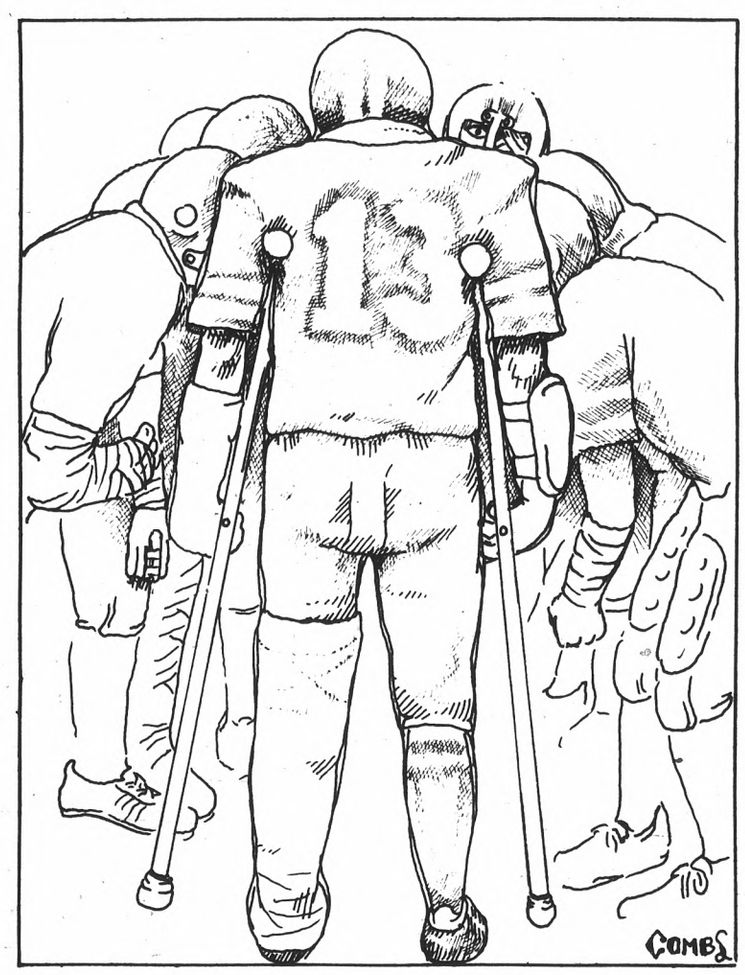

by Michael Torcellini

An "epidemic" of 70,000 football injuries have been predicted to hit college campus' throughout the country this fall, according to a recent report by *Sports Illustrated* magazine.

SF State is no exception. Like other colleges, the Gators receive their share of serious injuries – something the players could do without.

Last year in football alone, two players required major surgery on their knees due to injuries incurred during play.

Not to be excluded, the soccer team also had a player who required major knee surgery during the season.

"We get about a half-dozen reported injuries a day," Joe Webb, SF State's athletic trainer, said. "By reportable I mean anything that prohibits somebody from participating or requires treatment."

Webb worked in New York at the Institute of Sports Medicine and Athletic Training, and was also involved working with the New York Jets professional football team, before coming to SF State a year ago.

"In athletics it's inevitable that you're going to be injured," Webb says. "Stressing the body no matter what the activity, whether it be a contact sport or an overuse syndrome like running, the body tends to break down for one reason or another."

According to Webb, the most severe injuries this year have been those that involve the weight-bearing joints (the knees and ankles).

"Luckily, we've had only one knee injury this season, and it didn't require an operation," he said. "We've had a concussion that required hospitalization, but that was primarily a precautionary measure."

"Injuries have always been a part of football. It's the nature of the game," says Webb. "Two people of substantial mass moving at a high velocity towards each other – there's a definite chance of getting hurt."

But only within the past few years have injury problems in football been recognized. "It's something people are really starting to become aware of," the 29-year-old Webb said.

"I've always been aware of it; coaches have always been aware of it; administrators have always been aware of it; but it's just now that people (the public) are becoming aware that a permanent disability can result from this sport. And it's more likely to occur in a sport like football, than in a sport like, say, soccer."

Although SF State's injuries were few in number last year, they were described as "expensive" by Athletic Director Bill Partlow.

"Each of those knee injuries last year cost approximately $5,000," Partlow said.

Last year's insurance bill for sports was $17,000. This year, after negotiating, the charge is $22,000, a $5,000 hike.

"The insurance company wanted to raise our premiums by $9,000," Partlow says, "but we settled on a $5,000 increase. It's not that we've had more injuries than in the past, it's just that everything has gotten so expensive."

Partlow says he's checked around the conference and believes that SF State has the cheapest insurance premiums in the conference.

"I think the injuries here at State are very well taken care of," he continued. "We have an excellent trainer in Joe Webb, and he works very well with the coaches."

"It's important to have a close working relationship with the coaches," Webb says.

As a trainer one of Webb's tasks is to decide who can practice and who cannot.

"Malingering is a universal problem in athletics," Webb said, "and if I think an athlete isn't so hurt that he can't practice, (he's in no jeopardy of reinjuring himself), we encourage him to do something in-practice. You have the athlete's best interest at heart, and then the team's best interest second."

Webb, having worked with the New York Jets for several years, saw much of the concealment of injuries for publicity reasons.

"In professional sports you always have to be cautious or aware of the media. It's not that it's a major problem, but you have to be aware of it. But here that's no problem at all – we don't get any media coverage."

Webb says there's no concealment of injury information at State.

"In contrast, we keep track of everything that happens."

Webb admits football is more prone to injuries than most other sports.

"There are a lot of injuries in football. There are probably more disabling injuries, but that could also be due to the number of participants. A football team has about 75 players on a team, whereas a volleyball team has maybe 20. So the number of participants may have something to do with the number of injuries in football."

Harriers to play spoilers

by Eddie Pinto

SF State's cross country squad surprised Far Western Conference opponents las year with a fourth place finish – the Gators' best finish in the past 14 years. The Gators' goal this season is not only to be a surpriser again, but a spoiler too.

Head Coach Dave Fix said, "The Far Western Conference championship, which will be completely decided at the annual FWC Championships Oct. 21 in Turlock, is going to be captured by either defending champion Humboldt State or Sacramento State. Our goal is to overtake UC Davis for third place and run from there."

Fix added, "Although we lost a couple of very good distance runners before the season began, the team is very good and consistent. But since we don't have an outstanding front runner, I'm trying to get our group to run close together up front."

The biggest loss was definitely John Moreno, who graduated. Moreno, who holds SF State's 10 kilometers (6.24 miles) record with a time of 31:31.0, was the Gators' first-ever cross-country All-American last year.

Bill Amable's season was cut short when he suffered two broken legs in an auto accident. The junior transfer from Skyline College in San Bruno would probably have been among the Gators' top four runners, according to Fix.

Ron Hornstra, who was the Gators' number-two runner last season, has been promoted to the top position. The second position belongs to Bob Lange, the second fastest 10 kilometers runner in SF State history. Dan Martinelli returns as the third runner. Keith Larsen, David Ponas and Carlton Oler round out the returning lettermen.

The newscomers, who are expected to play a big part in the Gators' quest for a successful season, include: juniors Bob Herrick (Sacramento City College), Jim Tapscott (Merritt College of Oakland), Mark Connelly (New Jersey), Brad Carpenter (San Francisco City College) and Joe Mouville (Marin); and freshmen John Marsavich (San Francisco's Lowell High School), Pete Pattis (Westmore High School in Pacifica) and Dave Skoufos (South San Francisco High School).

SF State will have its "feet" full this weekend when it meets Humboldt and host Sacramento State in a 10 kilometers run at 11 a.m. The showdown could give everybody an idea of which school is the best in the Far Western Conference, which according to Fix, is the toughest small-college conference in the nation.

Frontrunner, Bob Lange and the Gator cross country team turn the corner.

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Playfield reshuffle

by Marty Ludwig

In the face of inadequate field space, over-used facilities, parking problems, and an Associated Students' plan for a "par course," a massive shake-up of the campus' athletics fields seems to be in the cards. The questions that remain are what, when and where.

A shortage of available field space for athletic teams and physical education classes to play on has caused the existing facilities to take a severe pounding.

The PE Department plans to alleviate these problems with a $200,000 "Outdoor Physical Education Instructional Facility." The proposed site for the facility is the 250-car overflow parking lot where Gatorville, living quarters for married students, once stood.

But Gov. Jerry Brown vetoed the proposed facility from the state budget in a "fat trimming" measure. The CSUC trustees have not yet abandoned the project, however, reslating it for the 1979-80 budget.

Compounding the confusion is a plan for the construction of a five-level parking garage over Florence Hale Stevenson Field.

Stevenson Field was restored in 1976 relieving somewhat the existing burden on athletic fields. An agreement between administrators and the PE Department in 1969 allowed contractors to use Stevenson Field as a supply yard while construction of the Biological and Physical Science, Student Union and Administration buildings was underway. The pact was contingent on the restoration of the softball diamond after work was completed.

"I'd say it's more likely that we'll get the playfield than the garage," said J. Dean Parnell of campus development and Planning. "I don't think we could put Stevenson Field out of existence before we get the additional field on the Gatorville site."

If both the playfield and the garage receive authorization, other changes will be made. Twelve tennis courts are planned for the roof of the garage and the existing courts will be converted into a softball field.

Eula West, associate chairman of the PE Department, said, "I think that proposal has to be really thought through. I can't believe that they'll be able to get the number of courts up there that we would need."

In addition to plans made by the administration, Gov. Brown and the PE Department, is a proposed jogging and exercise par course planned by the AS and to be financed with student fees.

The one-and-a-half-mile course would include 18 exercise stations and loop around the northwest portion of campus, including a loop near the overflow parking lot where the PE Department's facility is planned.

The PE chairman said he thought the estimated $6,000 price tag was much too high.

Campus Police Chief Jon Schorle said that a planned leg of the course through the lower level of the parking garage posed a potential pedestrian safety problem.

Final approval rests with Konnilyn Feig, vice president of administrative affairs.

Louie's not just playing for "Peanuts"

by Michael Torcellini

An $1,800 paycheck for one tournament, $500 for another. Let's see, that's $2,300 for two weeks' work. Not a bad salary, especially for an 18-year-old girl right out of high school, who is earning it by playing tennis.

But Mareen "Peanut" Louie, a graduate of George Washington High School in the city, shows no sign of influence from the "big bucks" in professional tennis. She just takes it with the territory.

"I've always played tennis," says Louie, clad in her red and white tennis outfit, waiting for her turn on the court. "I first picked up a racquet at age five and then started playing tournaments at seven."

Louie has received some impressive rankings despite being overshadowed by two young tennis sensations, Tracy Austin and Pam Shriver. Louie is ranked third in the nation in the 18-year-old class right behind Austin and Shriver. She's ranked number one in Northern California and 32nd on the women's computer list, (the ranking for every woman tennis player in the nation).

Peanut, as she likes to be called, declined many college scholarships to play tennis.

"Since I decided to turn pro, I couldn't accept scholarships. My parents were a help to me because they didn't mind if I turned pro," she said.

I think tennis is a pretty good career," she said. "It's good money if you get in and get your breaks."

Louie certainly has "gotten in." She has played in about ten pro tournaments, since her graduation in June.

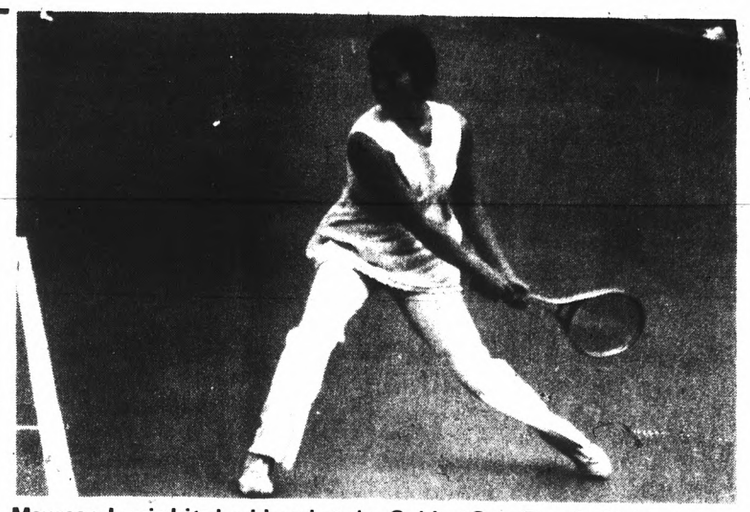
In the U.S. Open she lost in the third round to Virginia Ruzici. In a recent Virginia Slims Tournament, (she's already played in three), she lost to Virginia Wade. And in her first professional tournament ever – the Bergen County Tennis Classic in New Jersey – she was once again defeated by Virginia Wade, but not until the quarter-finals. She took home an $1,800 check from that $75,000 tournament.

The 18-year-old tennis pro sees more of airport terminals than of her hometown.

"Before I came home last week I was gone for five weeks," she says. "And I'm going away again for another three weeks at the end of this week."

Her stops for the next three weeks will be in Atlanta, Phoenix and Minneapolis for the U.S. Indoors Tournament. She's also traveled to France, Italy and Australia for other tennis tournaments.

"Sometimes you stay in hotels," she said about housing on the road. "It depends on the tournament. "But sometimes I know people who live in the city I'm going to, so I stay with them."



Maureen Louie hits backhand at the Golden Gate Tennis Club.

In between her tournaments Mareen isn't off camping or skiing like you might expect, instead she's out practicing tennis.

"For me at least, I have to play all the time. Some people don't have to practice, they just come out and play the same all the time. I'm not like that."

Those practice sessions of hers are usually spent at the Golden Gate Tennis Club in Golden Gate Park.

"I like it here," says Louie about the old tree-shaded tennis courts in the park. "It's outdoors, and I know a lot of the people here, I've been playing here all my life, and besides we live so close you could walk if you wanted to."

Peanut's "typical" practice session at the club begins at about 10 a.m., and ends around 7 p.m.

"I don't play all that time," she says, "But I'm here all that while.

"I come out, sign up for a court, sit around and talk to people. Then I play my match, get off the court, eat lunch, and sign up again. Then I play again, get off, get something to drink, sign up, get a court and play again. I get on the court about three times a day for about an hour and 15 minutes each."

Peanut's not the only Louie often seen with a tennis racquet in hand. All five kids in the family – from Vareen, who is the youngest, to her oldest sister Marcie (25) – play tennis.

"Marcie's a professional, but she hurt her arm about a year ago, so she hasn't played any tournaments recently."

Marcie has received some notable rankings of her own. She was ranked fifth in the U.S. at one time according to Mareen, and she was number one in the nation in 12 and unders in 1968. Mareen was one in the nation in the 12 and unders herself, but in 1972.

Mareen received the nick name "Peanut" because when she was younger, she was small for her age. "My mom gave it to me, and it's stuck."

"Peanut" may be the smallest in the Louie family, but her tennis achievements certainly aren't a reflection of that.

Cheesecake at soccer halftime

Apparently in the spirit of the success of the Dallas Cowgirls and all their imitative followers, a soccer team comprised of one-time centerfold models for men's magazines will play an exhibition during the half-time of SF State's Saturday match against Sacramento State at Cox Stadium.

The team, scantily clad and appropriately called the Centerfolds, is making a whistle-stop tour of the country, playing media and celebrity teams for charity.

Saturday's game will be played against disc jockeys from KSFX Radio and celebrities from the Hollywood Squares television show. Proceeds from the game will be donated to the Shriners' Crippled Children's Hospital.

The game, which is expected to last about 20 minutes, will be attended by a camera crew from KGO-TV and other representatives of the news media, according to SF State Sports Information Director, Dirk Smith.

Smith said the Centerfolds have contracted to take expenses of about $2,500 off the top of the proceeds. The school will take its own cut from the gate before the hospital is paid off, Smith said.

He is hoping for a 4,000 paid attendance to make the afternoon profitable for the hospital. Admission is free for students, $1 for staff, 50 cents for children under 12 and $2 for the general public.

Smith, who arranged the exhibition with Centerfolds' coordinator, Penny Lane, has spent a great deal of time and energy trying to step up fan involvement in Gator events.

Over the summer, Smith compiled the largest and most impressive program in SF State history, selling $12,000 worth of advertising for the publication, which was previously little more than a printed roster.

Smith has also arranged a Merchants' Day giveaway for the Oct. 21 football game against Sacramento State. Local merchants will give away tickets to the game which will also serve as raffle tickets at the game. Tickets will also be given away with the sale of programs for prizes like clocks and radios.

Then, on Nov. 4, Smith plans to combine the school's Homecoming with a Fan Appreciation Day. The team's mascot, Albert the Alligator from Steinhart Aquarium, will be displayed and even more prizes will be given away, Smith said.

Smith says that he has arranged with Matthews Stereo Store to give away a stereo system. He hopes to persuade a local car dealer to give away an automobile in exchange for promotion and a mailing list Smith will obtain from the raffle tickets.

Last weekend while the football team rested, Smith arranged a pep rally with the Gator cheerleaders in Bullock's Department Store in Stonestown.

know the score

WOMEN'S VOLLEYBALL

The SF State volleyball team spiked UC Berkeley, 3-1, Tuesday night at home. They dropped the first game, 9-15, but overtook Berkeley in the second, when Judy Reichle came in to serve three points and tie it up.

They won the second game, 15-11, the third, 15-8, and the final, 15-10. Kim Rickman played inspired ball with many spikes and Reichle served the match point.

The squad starts the Golden State Conference season tonight at Sonoma State.

SOCCER

The Gators picked up two wins this week, raising their season non-conference record to 3-1. The squad shutout Division I school, University of Oregon, last Thursday, 4-0. Scott Ludwig produced perfect goaltending. Jamie Sanchez, Constantine Konstin, Eduardo De La Fuente and Mike Grahm added goals to the effort.

The Gators, then, turned back University of Portland on Tuesday, 6-1. Tom Harvey scored two goals and then tended the goal flawlessly throughout the second half. Alberto Elizalde also scored two goals. The opponent's only goal came on a penalty shot.

CROSS COUNTRY

The Gator Harriers took their opener against Chico State, 25-31, capturing three of the top four positions.

Bob Lange captured the first position with a time of 34:46 over the 10-kilometer course. Gators Rich Hornstra, Dan Martinelli, David Ponas and Dave Skoufos took the third, fourth, sixth and eleventh positions, respectively.

SF State meets Humboldt State and Sacramento State at Sacramento on Saturday.

WATER POLO

The Gator water poloists took fifth at last weekend's UC Berkeley tournament, beating Humboldt State and losing to Hayward State, University of Pacific and host Berkeley.

The tournament was used by the squad to experiment with different combinations of players.

The Gators compete in DeAnza College's Northern California Tournament on Friday and Saturday.

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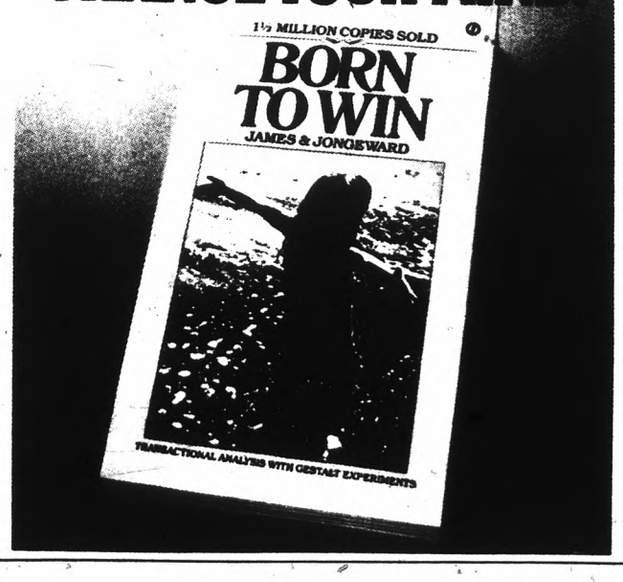

backwords ★★★ EXTRA! ★★

'Animal House' survivor tells the sordid tale

by Jonathan Combs

John Belushi walked by, within touching distance.

If I hadn't been walking with the Number One Object of my Affection at the time, I might have made a grab for the sleazy leather jacket he wore over his ample body. However, I retained my composure and commented quietly to my companion, "There goes John."

"John who?" she asked.

"BELUSHI!!" I screamed, losing it completely.

"JOHN BELUSHI!!!" I ranted, throwing myself onto his footprints and kissing them profusely. By that time, however, he was out of grovelling range. I could never have crawled fast enough to catch him.

This acutely embarrassing scenario took place on the large pedestrian avenue that splits the University of Oregon neatly in two. It was fall, and my mouth was full of leaves when I arose from my star worship. Hollywood had come to town.

Eugene, Oregon is a quiet college town, chock-full of diligent students, older persons, holdovers from the 60s, trees and fraternities. It was the trees and the fraternities that drew Universal Studios to the University of Oregon to make a film about college life in the early 1960's.

Universal rented a fraternity near campus and turned a halfway house next door into a decorator's nightmare. Debris and muck of the most unsavory sort was strewn about the front yard. The house itself was given a paint job that can only be described as Charred Victorian. The crowning touch was a set of Greek letters placed above the door of The Animal House.

The entire town was upside-down with excitement. The studio was casting extras from among the 15,000 students at the U. and dramatic credentials were crawling out of the woodwork.

"But I've had ten years of theater experience. I've been a lead eight times!" one young hopeful pleaded.

The man behind the desk was unmoved by the thespian's entreaties. "Sorry, lady. We're just looking for people who look wierd to be extras."

I looked around the campus Student Union. There were hundreds of exceptionally wierd-looking people standing in lines waiting to sign on as extras. The man from the studio was picking only a few – fat people, skinny people, people with terminal acne, albinos, very ugly people, football players – all of these made the grade.

I knew that I didn't stand a chance. I resigned myself to the fact that I just wasn't wierd enough and approached the desk.

The Universal man smiled. "You'll do."

I was in.

There was a price to pay for becoming an extra, and it was a steep one. Male extras were given little red tickets and told to get a haircut, courtesy of Universal. A real haircut.

The first victim emerged from the barber shop in a state of shock. Twin racing stripes, white against his tan, ran up his cheeks and marked the location of his absent sideburns. Most of his hair was also absent. He smiled bravely, tossed back a non-existing bang and strode manfully away. The line thinned out.

By the time I reached the chair, the hair on the floor of the barber shop was as thick as shag. The barber smiled wickedly.

"Okay, kid," he said. "We got two cuts here. We got your short and your extra-short with optional white sidewalls." A short while later I emerged, lightened considerably, and someone in the line commented, "Looks good."

There were several suppressed snickers. I brushed back an imaginary lock of hair and strode manfully away. Then I ran for home, laughter trailing behind me.

It took several trips to the Salvation Army to get fitted out in my straight-legged pants, bone-white socks and footwear that a friend derisively labelled "black FBI shoes."

Two weeks into the shooting, I got a call from Universal to be on the set at 6 the next morning. I greased down with 15 littledab'll-doyas of Brylcreem and headed for the frat house.

I ambled in, trying to appear as calm as possible and approached a knot of professional-looking people. At least, they all held clipboards.

"Howdy," I said. "This is my first day. My name is..."

"Upperclass Delta?!" one of the women barked at me.

"Yes, I..."

"Back there. Take your clothes off."

All right, I thought, this is getting good already. I stepped into the bathroom and was greeted by a thug who looked like he spent his Hollywood career walking into walls. He was a wardrobe man.

He smiled viciously and held out a plain bedsheet.

"This," he said, "is a toga."

Half an hour later I emerged, shivering, from the bathroom wrapped in nothing but a sheet, some toilet paper which had been draped over my head as a wreath and my J.C. Penney all-cotton briefs. To my great relief, everyone there looked as ridiculous as I did.

I sat on the floor. The set was the basement of the fraternity house and there was no other seating available. It was freezing cold and I gasped, sucking in a piece of toilet paper from my "wreath." All things considered, togas are not suitable winter wear for anyone except ancient Greeks, and they are all dead. It could be that wearing togas killed them. Where did they keep their cigarettes?

I kept mine in my shorts. Pocket change, however, presented a greater hazard, and car keys were out of the question.

"You sit right here," said Cliff, the first assistant director. He indicated a small patch of bare concrete beneath the bar which had been set up for the toga party. By this, my second day on the set, I knew that Cliff was God and any commandment issued from those perpetually sneering lips was to be obeyed.

Even though I was wearing naught but a toga and a particularly festive bit of Charmin, I sat. Undeterred by the small pool of beer (it was yellow, so I assumed it was beer) in the spot indicated, undaunted by the incredible November chill emanating from that frozen floor, I sat. Such is the willpower of a fame junkie.

Cliff grabbed my arm and draped it over a chilled keg of beer sitting next to me.

"Now I want you to act like you're asleep, okay? Just don't move a muscle."

Another five minutes on that floor, I assured him, and I would be incapable of moving a muscle. Another 15 minutes and I would be dead. Fortunately, I went into a coma before the shooting began, 20 minutes later, and I was immune to the incredible numbness creeping upward from my toga's tush. When the scene was over, I pried myself loose from the floor and crawled off to find someone warm to sit on.

Ivan, one of the producers, was rehearsing a group of the principal actors in the dirty version of "Louie, Louie." They were doing a little dance step as they sang. It was to be a piece of cake. Clockwork.

"John, on the cue, you come out and do that little dance step we rehearsed, okay?"

Belushi nodded. They sang.

"Every night at ten, I lay her again..."

It was not clockwork. There was bumping and poking and confusion before eveyone finally got into the rhythm. A similar problem had occurred earlier when one of Otis Day's Knights couldn't keep in step with the complex pattern the Knights used in "Shout." One of the assistant directors, worn down by the long day of shooting, lost his cool.

"You mean to tell me you're black and you can't dance?!!"

The shooting was being held up, and on the set time is money. On "Louie, Louie" they were taking no chances.

"I stick my ummph up in her hair..."

Finally, Landis, the director, was satisfied.

"Let's shoot it!"

The prop man fired up a jukebox that had been sitting idle for two weeks, and the sound man played the tape of "Louie, Louie" so everybody got the beat down right.

John Belushi by Jonathan Combs.

"Quiet on the set!"

This command echoed throughout the building as the assistant directors (read lackeys) spread the word by walkie-talkie. There was quiet.

"Roll Camera!"

"Rolling!"

"Roll tape!"

"Speed!"

Landis barked out the commands and was answered in turn. The boom man extended the mike pole over the action, just barely out of the camera's range, in a carefully rehearsed movement. Another command from Landis, and "Louie, Louie" blasted from the past.

"Action!"

This time it was clockwork.

"Okay, let's do it again!"

Polaroids were shot for the continuity person, a young Diane Keaton-type known as "Bootsie" because of her predilection for wearing outrageous boots ranging from sedate leather lace-ups to garish dayglo-yellow knee-lengths. A large audience gathered because the scene is funny, and everyone who has seen them practicing wants to see it "done."

Belushi was bored. Everyone was bored. Belushi broke into the first lines of "She Came in Through the Bathroom Window" in his best Joe Cocker scream.

An almost palpable thrill ran through the crowd. I glanced around. Everyone was smiling at each other knowingly. The moment passed without comment and the cameraman signaled that he was ready.

During the break, some of the boys in the back row decided it would be fun to do something with their beer bottles, so during the second take, they emptied them on two of the actors, Tom Hulce and Steve Furst (Flounder).

A good time was had by all.

During the shooting of the pan-hellenic trial scene, I summoned up the courage to ask Belushi if he'd sit for a portrait. He consented. I nearly dropped my pencils.

In person Belushi is a quiet soul. He was very obliging, even when I bummed cigarettes off him (for all of you fans, he was smoking Vantage). He commented as I worked that the profile looked a lot like Napoleon. He ordered his personal secretary to check whether Universal had any upcoming projects in which he could play Napoleon. I was awed. I nearly swallowed my Vantage.

At one point, I commented that I was having trouble drawing his chin. Belushi responded that it stuck out like my chin, and he grabbed my chin to emphasize the point.

"That's one hell of a chin you got there," he said.

I immediately swore never to wash my chin again. During lunch, however, the chin collected several major spaghetti stains and I was forced to apply wet napkins to the affected area. Sic transit.

We were shooting for two weeks in Cottage Grove, a little logging town about 20 miles south of Eugene. Cottage Grove is populated by wierd little people, 2,000 of which showed up as extras for the shooting of the parade scene.

Cottage Grove was no newcomer to Hollywood. Since the town still hasn't made it out of the 1950s, it has been the site of several motion pictures which called for wierd little towns which never made it out of the 1950s.

Everyone on the set tried to speak in Hollywood Technical whenever possible. One didn't say camera, one said "Arri" or "Panavision." A crane was a "Chapman." Lights were "babies" or "minis." Apple boxes that were used constantly were "apple boxes."

Then there were the "Unlimited Girls."

One day in Cottage Grove I overheard an assistant director ("AD") sending another lackey ("kid"0 out to Eugene to pick up "some Unlimited Girls." My imagination ran amok. Just how Unlimited were these girls? Where could one find them? Were there enough to go around?

I was greatly disappointed when the girls turned out to be a couple of pretty, athletic-looking women who earned a living getting roughed up. They were stunt women sent up from Hal Needham's Stunts Unlimited crew in Hollywood and their job was to fall off floats and to fly through windows. One had to admire women as brave as that. One also had to keep one's distance.

There were several "Unlimited Men" as well who were even more willing to throw their bodies off things and into things and generally to do major damage to themselves.

By the time the shooting moved to Cottage Grove, most of the major scenes had been shot. The crew of extras had by then adapted to the 11-hour days, the bitter cold and the gummy food dished out by the food service, which we ate because we could not leave the set on a shooting day. We had adjusted to the incredible boredom, to being pushed around like backgammon pieces, thrown in and out of scenes in seemingly random patterns. We had also adjusted to talking with stars and sharing in the occasional excitement of making a motion picture. Now we had to adjust to the end of it all.

Instructors at the University of Oregon were amazed to see scores of clean-cut kids suddenly turning up in their classes during the final weeks of school.

"I think it's the CIA again," I overheard one dusty old curmudgeon comment to a fellow professor.

The last day of work came on the Saturday I had planned to do all the ten-page papers I had been putting off. The call came at midnight the night before.

"Can you make a 6 o'clock call tomorrow morning?"

That horse is fucking crazy, I thought calmly as two enormous hooves flashed by the back of my head.

"Don't move!" Landis bellowed.

That director is fucking crazy, I revised.

Two rows of extras stood frozen at attention, our shivering bodies supporting meticulous and silly ROTC uniforms. The white stunt horse hired for the production was punching holes in the ground with those large feet horses have. Since I had been raised in Alaska, I had learned early in life how one deals with large animals. One runs until one drops.

It was not that I was unwilling to die for the art of motion pictures, but since there was only one camera on this scene, it could wait. The horse had knocked me down twice already, and I was just about to make for the nearest patch of pavement when the horse's trainer, a wiry little woman with a leather prune face, grabbed the horse.

"Stop that!" she shouted at the beast and gave him a swift kick in the balls.

A low moan came, not from the horse (who didn't bat an eye), but from the assembled cast and crew. Empathy.

The kick seemed to calm the big fella down, and shooting resumed, much to my chagrin.

"Down and give me 20!"

Landis wasn't giving us any breaks. This was his last chance and he was going to kill us if it took all day. We were told to do pushups and to keep pushing up until we dropped. We were dropping like flies.

We were on our last arms when we were finally allowed to rise, if we could. Several extras lay on the ground, the winter mud seeping into their nice clean ROTC uniforms. The wardrobe man was on the verge of tears.

When it was finally a wrap, I peeled my mud-soaked uniform from my frozen body and went home to wait for the release in August.

What did I get from my Big Film Experience?

Well. I rode a float in a parade, went to a toga party, caught a vicious cold, wore a tuxedo and a ROTC uniform, sprayed beer, was landed on by someone skiing downstairs, caught another vicious cold, started smoking again, and nearly flunked out of the University of Oregon.

As for exposure in the film itself, I can be seen for about 20 seconds in the ROTC scene.

For four week's work at minimum wage, was it worth it?

If someone offered me the same job again, what would I say?

"Eat me."

But I'd take the job.

UMI